

A Memoir Of The
Life And Death Of
Augustus Henry Law,
Part 2
(1882)



Augustus Henry Law

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A MEMOIR
OF
THE LIFE AND DEATH
OF THE
REV. FATHER AUGUSTUS HENRY LAW,
S.J.

*FORMERLY, FROM FEBRUARY 1846 TO DECEMBER 1853,
AN OFFICER IN THE ROYAL NAVY.*

PART II.

LONDON:
BURNS AND OATES.


1882.

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INTRODUCTION.

WITH his Eminence's accustomed benevolence and kindness of heart, Cardinal Newman at once granted the Editor's request, that the letter which his Eminence wrote to him in January last, after he had read Part I. of the Memoir of the late Father Augustus H. Law, S.J., might appear in print at the commencement of Part II., and thus serve as an introduction to it. It is therefore with feelings of very deep gratitude to his Eminence that the Editor gives publicity to the letter in question, a letter which, it may easily be imagined, cheered and encouraged him not a little in the prosecution of his grateful, yet, at times, very painful task. This second part of the Memoir comprises the last five years of Augustus Law's service in Her Majesty's Navy,—records his conversion to the Catholic Church,—shows his manner of life on board ship, and at home when on leave, as a Catholic officer, during his last eighteen months of service, and concludes with his entrance upon the Noviciate, S.J., at Hodder in January 1854, in the twenty-first year of his age.

THE COTTAGE, ST. BRUNO'S COLLEGE, ST. ASAPH,
Vigil of St. Laurence, 1882.



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THE ORATORY, *January 29, 1882.*

MY DEAR MR. LAW,

Thank you for your most interesting Memorials of your son. There is not a word too much in them, as you fear. It is a favour we are not often given to be able to follow year by year the formation of a saintly mind. How God has blessed you in giving you such a son ! It is a consolation for much suffering, and a sort of pledge of other mercies yet to come.

Most truly yours,

JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.

THE HONOURABLE W. T. LAW.



MEMOIR

OF

AUGUSTUS HENRY LAW.

EXTRACTS FROM DIARY AT SEA.

October 5, 1848.—My sister Augusta's birthday.

Sunday, October 8, 1848.—I came out of the list (*i.e.*, sick list) this morning, and all right and well now. There was church but no sermon, so Mr. Hancock read one of Manning's sermons to me. In the afternoon I read two or three of Kennaway's sermons, which I liked very much. The batta-money given to our service from the East India Company for protecting their shipping, &c., begins to-day, I believe.

October 9, 1848.—Mr. Hancock told me to-day that Mr. Onslow (the chaplain), had had the small-pox, which I was surprised to hear, as it was given out that he had a kind of fever. Mr. Hancock, however, told me not to tell any one. We are 818 miles from St. Paul's. The ship has been now about six months in commission. This day six months ago Mr. Bree preached his farewell sermon at Harborne.

Tuesday, October 10, 1848.—Went to morning service as usual. Two marines were flogged for disobedience of orders and insubordination. They had three dozen each, and did not say a word at it. Dined with Mr. Elliott and Mr. Hancock.

Saturday, October 14, 1848.—Read Bible in Mr. Hancock's

cabin, also one of Kennaway's sermons. . . . I got a small rowing up from the commander for skylarking in my watch on deck.

Sunday, October 15, 1848.—The service was performed on the main-deck, but no sermon, on account of the boatswain's mate having piped down by mistake. I then went in Mr. Hancock's cabin, and he read a sermon (Moberly's) to me on "Denying Christ." Read two of Kennaway's sermons in the afternoon and also the Lessons. . . . Commander spoke to me on the main-deck, and very kindly told me he would give me all the assistance in his power with regard to explaining anything I read in the Bible that I did not understand, &c., which was very kind, I think, of him; I don't think that there are very many commanders in the service that would trouble their heads about a midshipman.

October 16, 1848.— . . . About four o'clock we were about four miles off Amsterdam, and could see it pretty well. It looked very barren, and is very steep indeed. There is no water on the island, neither is there any on St. Paul's. In July 1846 I was near here in the "Carysfort" on our way to Sydney. There is very deep water close up to the island. We did not see St. Paul's at all.

October 17, 1848.—Master's assistant was admitted into the mess again. I am very glad of it too, and was taken out of arrest.

October 21, 1848.—Trafalgar day. My birthday. I am fifteen years old. My last birthday was at Valparaiso. . . . Old Roberts, my old shipmate, passed his examination for purser, and is now a passed clerk. I am very glad that he has passed, and I hope he may get on. Our weekly newspaper came out this evening, and was very good. At eight old Roberts gave a very good supper to about twenty fellows. All his old shipmates were asked.

N.B.—On same page of Diary is a sketch of the said twenty fellows at table, and written underneath "Roberts' Supper."

Sunday, October 22, 1848.—Music at church for the first time

to-day. Mr. Onslow preached a very nice sermon from St. John v. 17. Dined in the ward-room at 2.30. They all drank my health, and some of them indulged themselves in the idea that I was going to make a speech. To-night I finished Kennaway's "Sermons to the Young," and I don't think I ever enjoyed reading any sermons more than I enjoyed reading them. To-night I went in the list (sick) again.

Monday, October 23, 1848.—In the list, which I hate above all things. I don't care how soon I am out of it again. Two men were flogged this morning. One of them was a marine who was flogged only thirteen days ago. The poor fellow's back was cut up terribly. In the afternoon read Admiral Earl St. Vincent's Memoirs, which were very interesting, and in the evening a little of Moore's "Poetical Works," and liked some parts very much.

Tuesday, October 24, 1848.—Began reading a book called "The Whole Duty of Man." I like it very much.

Wednesday, October 25, 1848.—Seven months now since the old "Carysfort" was paid off, and just five since I commenced doing duty on board this ship.

Thursday, October 26, 1848.— . . . About six bells we were all sent for on the poop, and there Mr. Luard asked us several questions in seamanship, &c. He also asked us questions about flags, signalizing, &c., &c. It was very kind of him. Went aloft as far as the mizzen-top-gallant-masthead to show Wilkinson different things about the rigging.

October 27, 1848.— . . . We are going now at a first-rate pace, and at this rate will soon be at Singapore. This day six months ago was my dear sister Helen's birthday. Tom Hare came down from London to hear "Elijah," &c. (See April 27.)

Sunday, October 29, 1848.—Mr. Onslow preached from the last verses of St. James's Epistle. A very nice sermon. Read "The Whole Duty of Man" in the afternoon.

Thursday, November 2, 1848.—Our examination began to-day. First subject is navigation. I did everything in the College sheet right, except the lunar. I am first in the navigation.

November 3, 1848.—Examination continuing. Worked the algebra questions this morning, and trigonometry in the afternoon. I am first in the algebra.

November 4, 1848.—This morning Java Head was well in sight. We passed several islands to-day; several of them were very pretty. Examined to-day in arithmetic. I am third in it, I think.

Sunday, November 5, 1848.—Church on the main-deck. The "Fury" steamer (of 515 horse-power) was lying at anchor in Anjeer Bay. The commander of her, Captain Wilcox, came on board and said he had orders to look out for us, and, if it was required, to tow us up to Singapore. He brought on board a letter-bag. I got one letter, dated August 23, from papa. I was jolly glad to get it. I and Heneage were the only fellows that got letters in the gun-room.

November 6, 1848.—We were examined in Euclid to-day, and also in nautical astronomy, and I got full marks for both. I am first altogether in the examination by about seventy marks. Davidson is second. . . . Took a sketch of two small islands called "The Brothers." They were very pretty indeed. We saw two men on one of them. . . . Steamer towing us.

November 8, 1848.— . . . Nine weeks at sea. . . .

November 9, 1848.—The captain hailed the steamer, and asked two or three questions, and also how much coal they expended a day. The answer was thirty tons.

November 10, 1848.—Anchored in six fathoms in the harbour of Singapore. Veered to sixty fathoms. We found the "Cambrian," bearing Commodore Plumridge's pendant, and also the "Mæander," bearing Admiral Collier's flag. . . . We anchored close to the "Cambrian." Captain went ashore about 9 P.M. to the admiral. . . . I believe we are going to Hong-Kong. . . . Sixty-five days from Rio. We are just too late to send any letters home, as, very unfortunately, the mail sailed from here this morning.

Saturday, November 11, 1848.—Hoisted the admiral's flag. Went away in my boat two or three times. Went on board the

"Cambrian" once. She is a very fine frigate, and one of the prettiest I ever saw. She sails to-morrow morning for India. Mr. Elliott, Leo (a Brazilian), and Cooper, left this ship for the "Cambrian." They were all very sorry at leaving. This morning the admiral came on board. He was very much pleased with the ship. He is a very curious kind of fellow, and I believe he is very much liked.

Thursday, November 16, 1848.—About eleven the commander sent for me, and gave me leave to go to the governor's house. Went ashore in the second gig. About twelve got to the governor's house. Going to it you pass through a nutmeg plantation. Found Mrs. Butterworth at home. Heneage was out riding. I then got on a pony and rode out to try to find Heneage, whom I soon found. We then went riding out into the country. It is a very pretty country, and they have very nice roads. Kept on riding till six o'clock, when we rode up to Government House and got ready for dinner. The governor is a very nice man indeed, and his wife is a very nice person too. Played bagatelle after dinner. Turned in about nine.

Friday, November 17, 1848.—We got up at five, and went out riding with Colonel Butterworth. Mine was a very good pony. About 6.30 we came back, had breakfast, and after breakfast we went on board in the pinnace.

Sunday, November 19, 1848.—Service on board. Mr. Onslow preached. At three I went ashore with Beamish, Broadhead, and Nott to dine with the admiral. After dinner I and Beamish walked round the cemetery, and then went to church. Mr. Onslow preached; Mr. —, the clergyman of the place, read the prayers. After church we went to tea, and then on board. Coming on board we were nearly capsized by a boat running into us.

Monday, November 20, 1848.—Stayed up till twelve writing a letter to my father.

SINGAPORE HARBOUR, *November 20, 1848.*

MY DEAREST FATHER,—I have been very *unfortunate* in writing letters, as I had a letter all ready in my desk, and most *unfortunately* I *lost* my keys, so I could not get it. I have been away in my boat (first cutter) most of the day. We have been sixty-five days from Rio Janeiro, and should have been much longer, only that at Anjeer Point—the most northern point of Java—we met the “Fury” steamer; and she had orders to tow us up. She is a very powerful steamer; she towed us about seven knots an hour, but that was with only two boilers, and she has four. . . . The “Mæander” is still here; she is very comfortable, and every one likes Captain Keppel very much. His wife is here. The “Royalist” arrived here the other day. She was dismasted in a typhoon (which is another name for a hurricane out here). Elliott (the lieutenant who steered going ashore from Spithead that day) has joined the “Cambrian,” also “Leo” the Brazilian mate, and Cooper, a clerk. Murray (a lieutenant) has joined the “Mæander.” Everest, one of our additional lieutenants, has joined the “Royalist” as lieutenant-commander, as Lieutenant Gordon, her proper commander, is very ill of fever. I dined with the admiral yesterday. I like him very well, but he is a curious old fellow. Colonel Butterworth (the governor of this place) asked me up to his house the other day. He is a very nice fellow indeed, and so is his wife a very nice person. I was at his house for a day with Heneage, and he treated us to horses, and we had very jolly rides. There are a good many Chinamen here; they have all very long tails, and they have a great regard for them; and, in fact, in China theft is generally punished by cutting off the man’s tail, and also many other crimes. If we did not sail to-morrow I should have written a much longer letter; but I will write a very long letter at Hong-Kong, and make up for this short one. I have not got the September letters yet. Pasley, a mate, and Beamish, a midshipman, have joined us. I like Beamish very much. He is a

very nice fellow. There are a good many junks here, and they are very curious-looking things. Their anchors are made of heavy wood with a great stone lashed to them. We sail for Hong-Kong to-morrow, and we have a foul wind up, as the north-east monsoon is blowing now. However, the "Fury" is coming up with us to tow us as much way as she can. She is a very fine steamer indeed, of 515 horse-power. I think I forgot to tell you how happy I was to get your letter of August 24. I am so glad to hear you get on so well at home. I have drawn no Government pay since I left England, and on December 13th I shall have due (private) £17, 10s., which is very jolly, and now I have got about £6 in hand. So much for money matters. I shall be able to do without my pay, and will have it for my mate's outfit (*D. V.*), so I hope you will not think that Augustus is extravagant. I like Singapore very much. It has got one English and one Roman Catholic church. I expect we shall get to Hong-Kong about the 13th December. Will you ask Uncle Ellenborough whether he recollects Colonel Butterworth, as I think he gave him the appointment of governor of this place? He desires to be remembered to Uncle Ellenborough. Give my very best love to Uncle Ellenborough, old Tom Hare, and all my people in London, also dear Aunt Jane, Wizzy, Charlotte, Car, Lou, &c., and also the corresponding dear uncles. I think we stop at Manilla going up to Hong-Kong. You must make dearest Helen, Twit, Dindin, baby girl look in the map to see where I have been. How does dear old Franky and old Graves get on? Give my best love to them. The admiral's cow came on board to-day. I keep up my Diary like fun, and you will like very much to read it when I come home. It is very nearly twelve o'clock now at night. Beamish and I are the only persons in the gun-room now. Give my best love to all my dearest brothers and sisters. Give my best love to *dearest* May, and every one. And now I think I will say good-bye, and believe me to be your most affectionate son,

AUGUSTUS.

Friday, November 24, 1848.—My brother Victor's birthday. . . . About one we sighted a sail on the port-beam. They made her out to be the "Mæander." About 2.30 she passed close under our stern. . . . Mrs. Keppel was in the weather gangway, and I saw Murray also on the quarter-deck.

Sunday, November 26, 1848.—Church on the main-deck. The boys improve in singing very much, and they sung the 33d Psalm very nicely. Mr. Onslow preached from the 6th chapter of Genesis and 3d verse. Read "Godfrey Davenant" part of the afternoon.

Monday, December 4, 1848.—My brother Graves's birthday. He is twelve years old.

Friday, December 8, 1848.—This morning Mr. Luard went in the list, so Mr. Hancock is commanding officer.

Sunday, December 10, 1848.—Church on the main-deck. Mr. Onslow preached from the 20th chapter of Revelations and 12th verse. . . . Reading a very nice book called "From Oxford to Rome." I never enjoyed reading a book better, with the exception of a very few, as "Clement Walton," "Siege of Lichfield," and "Forest of Arden." . . . Read a little of Law's "Serious Call."

H.M.S. "HASTINGS," HONG-KONG,
15th December 1848.

MY DEAREST FATHER,—It so happened, very unfortunately for me at Singapore, that I lost the key of my desk, in which there was a very long letter to you, so that I was obliged to knock up a letter as soon as I could, and I stayed up till twelve o'clock the night before we sailed writing it, and now I will answer your letter of August 23. . . . The prayers that are said in the morning are some parts of the Morning Service. Attendance is voluntary. None of the men attend, I am sorry to say. . . . How does old Helen like the girls' singing being abolished? I hope you enjoyed your picnic on the Lickey Hills. Do you recollect when I rode on the pony to the Lickey Hills before dinner one day? About this time last year the old "Carysfort"

was on her homeward-bound passage, and was close to Cape Horn; and now I will tell you what we have been doing since I wrote my letter to you at Singapore. On November 21st, about half-past six, we got under weigh, and the "Fury" took us in tow. On the 22d the "Fury" was towing us still, but not very fast, as there was a heavy swell. We often carry away the towing hawsers. On the 24th we observed a sail on the port-beam. We made her out to be the "Mæander." She passed close under our stern. Captain Keppel and Mrs. Keppel were in the weather gangway. She was bound to Labuan, an island close to the town of Borneo. I believe the settlement at Borneo is not getting on very well. It is a very unhealthy place. In the evening we cast off from the "Fury" and made sail. . . . On the 28th we were taken in tow again by the "Fury." I went away in the first cutter to take the hawsers on board her. There was a great deal of swell on, and I was obliged to be very careful going alongside the "Fury," as she rolled a good deal. On December 4th we cast off from the "Fury" again and made sail. On December 5th, after evening quarters, performed the evolution, "Hands about ship and reef topsails." Ask Captain Montgomery or some sea-officer about it, and he will tell you what it is, but perhaps you may know what "reefing topsails in stays" means. We did it very well. . . . I am sorry we did not go to Manilla. I will not forget your segars and Tom Hare's. . . . On the 14th we sighted the land on the lee-bow. Lots of fishing-boats in sight; they are beautiful boats, and sail very well. . . . We had got about two-thirds of the way in, when fortunately we fell in with the "Fury," and there being no wind, she towed us up. . . . Hong-Kong does not look much of a place. The Chinese boatmen live in their boats altogether, and as soon as a child can stand, he is taught the use of the oar, &c. The women also work as hard as the men in the boats. I hope you will have a happy Christmas. I shall think of you often on the same day. It is very agreeable weather here now, as it is winter, but in the summer it is dreadfully hot, and very unhealthy. We leave this about May. We expect the

admiral up every day, and the mail too. (22d *December*).—The mail has not arrived yet. . . . On the 17th, Sunday, I went ashore with some of our midshipmen; went for a short walk, then went back in the town to church. . . . Beamish and myself stopped to receive Holy Communion. The opium clippers are most beautiful vessels, and they sail beautifully. . . . Yesterday the "Childers" sailed for Singapore. She leaks a good deal, as she got on shore on Prata's Island, an island between this and Manilla. She lost her masts. The "Scout," an 18-gun corvette, is lost in the river Min, but the crew fortunately all saved. I have seen the "Scout" once, *i.e.*, at the Cape of Good Hope, when I was there in the "Carysfort." . . . *December 27th*.—To my great delight, on the 23d inst. the mail-steamer came to an anchor close to us, and in the course of the day four letters came on board for me. . . . I got two from you, one dated August 20th, the other October 5th; two from old Graves, one dated September 18th, the other October 6th. In the former were enclosed letters from Franky, Twitty, and Helen. I also got lots of newspapers, Illustrateds, and Spectators. The admiral and suite came up from Singapore in this packet, and we hoisted his flag directly he came on board. I will tell you what book you must get and read—"From Oxford to Rome." I don't know whether you have read it. I think you will like it very much. It is an account of a young clergyman who went over to the Church of Rome, but on his death-bed repented. You must tell me how you like it when you have read it. We had a very good Christmas Day, but not half so jolly as in the old "Carysfort." After dinner we drank to "absent friends." . . . I thought a good deal of what you were doing at home. . . . A poor man was nearly killed by a whole lot of ballast falling on him. One of his legs was broken, and the other leg and left arm very much injured. I took him on board the "Alligator" hospital ship, where he got his leg set. It was quite dreadful to hear the poor fellow singing out. . . . Now, I will answer your letters; first of all the one of 18th September. Thank you for the good example you have

set me on that small bit of paper. . . . I hope you will soon have a curate. Give my best love to Uncle Ellenborough. I hope the men chant well in church. Your October 6th letter is a jolly long one. I am glad old Graves got on so well. He tells me there is every chance of getting in the College in 1849. If he does not, I suppose he will go into the navy, and then you must send him out here, and I will look after him. Helen has written me a very nice letter, and Twit too. Tell Twitty I got the bit of geranium she sent me. I am glad the infant school gets on so well. Do Helen or Twit teach in it on Sundays? What a great assistance James and George Law must be to you! I have read all about Smith O'Brien. You must not forget to send me your "address." . . . The gates of Canton are to be opened on the 5th of April by treaty; if they are not, I believe we go up there to force them. There are some rumours of Mr. Luard being promoted. *December 29th.* — The mail-steamer goes to-morrow. I had a jolly game of cricket ashore yesterday. The 95th Regiment is here. Give my best love to dearest May; I hope she is very well; and to Helen, Twitty, Franky, and Graves, and all. I have enclosed notes to Frank, Helen, Graves, and Twitty, and I think you will say I have not been a bad correspondent. Best love to old Miller, also to all my uncles and aunts, cousins, friends, &c., when you write to them, and believe me to be, dearest papa, your most affectionate son,

AUGUSTUS.

Extracts from Diary.

Sunday, December 24, 1848.—Church on the main-deck. Mr. Onslow preached a very nice sermon from the 3d chapter of St. Matthew and 12th verse. Read "Eucharisticæ" before dinner. . . . The commander has not been on deck the whole day, as the poor man has lost a brother. Read Taylor's "Holy Living" in the evening; I like it very much.

Monday, Christmas Day, 1848.—At twelve o'clock, after they had piped to dinner, the band walked right round the lower deck,

playing "The Roast Beef of Old England." The commander has given either a small pig, goose, or duck to each mess in the ship. I think it was very kind of him. . . . I read Taylor's "Holy Living" in the afternoon. We dined at four. Read "Lady of the Manor" in the evening. Turned in about nine o'clock, after having enjoyed Christmas Day only *pretty* well. . . . I thought a good deal about how my dearest father, May, and all my dear brothers and sisters were enjoying themselves. May God preserve them!

Sunday, December 31, 1848.—Divisions at the usual time, after which a slop-list was taken. Shame [to the fellow that ordered it should be taken to-day, being Sunday! After that the ship's company were mustered per open list, after which church on the main-deck, and *actually* the service was cut short, there being no Lessons read, no Communion Service, &c., no sermon, on account of that vile slop-list taking. . . . After dinner, Probyn and I went ashore to church. Mr. Onslow read the evening prayers, and Mr. Stanton preached (extempore). The words of the text were "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." I liked his sermon very well. From the church I went on board.

Monday, 1st January 1849, Hong-Kong.—Played three games of chess with Barlow and one with Pringle, and beat them every time.

Tuesday, January 9, 1849.—Dearest Franky's birthday. I hope he is getting on capitally, and is in the Woolwich Academy by this time.

Sunday, January 14, 1849.—Went ashore with the commander to dine at Colonel Philpots'. Went to church. Mr. Stanton preached. I don't like his preaching *very* much. After church Colonel Philpots, the commander, and I went for a short walk towards West Point. I like old Philpots very much. He is brother of the Bishop of Exeter. I dined at his house, and came on board about ten o'clock.

Sunday, January 21, 1849.—Church on the main-deck. Mr.

Onslow preached from Mark 10th and 51st verse. My leave was stopped for a week to-day for having a greatcoat in the scram-bag.

January 22, 1849.—Nares is promoted to a lieutenant. I am very glad of it. He is appointed additional to this ship.

Extracts from Letters.

H.M.S. "HASTINGS," HONG-KONG,
January 27, 1849.

MY DEAREST FATHER,—On 23d of this month I was jolly glad to receive four letters, two from you, dated 1st and 19th November, one from dearest old May, one from dearest old Twit enclosed in your letter. . . . I shall be very glad when we go to India. Heneage is very well, and sends his best love to all. He went up to Canton the other day in the "Fury," and has brought down a lot of curiosities. I intend going to Canton when we go up to Whampoa, which is very soon. I will get lots of curiosities for Helen, Twitty, Franky, &c. I am going to write to Uncle Ellenborough by this mail. Nares is going to join the "Medea," and she is going to look for the "Mæander," which has not been seen for two or three months. . . . I am so glad you are going to have a curate; it will be such a help to you. And now, with best love to all, I will close my letter. I think I have told you that a very nice church is building here; it is all finished but the tower. Luard is very well, and is very kind to me. Believe me to be, dearest papa, your most affectionate son,

AUGUSTUS.

May God preserve us all to meet again in three years' time all well, &c.

Private.]

To the Hon. H. S. Law.

ADMIRALTY, *February 17, 1849 (?)*.

MY DEAR MR. LAW,—You may have already heard, but I must

send the enclosed report from Mr. Onslow, the chaplain and naval instructor of the "Hastings," respecting your young nephew. I make the extract from Mr. Onslow's private note to me on 29th December:—"Augustus Law, Lord Ellenborough's nephew, promises great things in our service, both with regard to his studies and as a young officer."—Believe me, dear Mr. Law, yours very faithfully,

H. WOLLEY.

HON. H. S. LAW.

Extracts from Diary.

February 2, 1849.—I took some of the ward-room officers ashore as they are going to give a dinner at the club to the army officers. The band also went ashore to attend. I like Glynn very much indeed. He belongs to the "Cambrian," and is awaiting his passage.

Sunday, February 4, 1849.—Had church on the lower-deck. Mr. Onslow preached a very nice sermon from "Son, be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven thee."

February 7, 1849.—I dined with the admiral at six o'clock. There were there Captains Wilcox and Cockburn, the secretary, flag-lieutenant, and Captain Moore, and the Yankee captain of the "Prebel," which vessel arrived here from Whampoa last night. Captain Glynn made himself very amusing.

February 18, 1849.—I have been three years in the service now, one of which I have been a midshipman.

February 19, 1849.—A letter from papa announcing the birth of another sister.

February 22, 1849.—Probyn, Stuart, and myself went ashore and commenced walking round the island. At last, after being ready to drop, arrived at the club, and we all three had a jolly good dinner. Got off to the ship at 10.30. The distance round the island by my pedometer, 29½ miles. I was very glad to turn in when I got on board.

Extracts.

H.M.S. "HASTINGS," HONG-KONG, *February 26, 1849.*

DEAREST PAPA,—By this mail I have received four letters, two from you, one from old Frank and Graves each. . . . My money matters get on very well, and I shall not have to draw any Government pay at all. The admiral has been taken very ill to-day. I believe had an apoplectic fit, but am not sure. . . . On the 15th of this month we were towed up to a place called Anson's Bay, about forty or fifty miles from here. I dare say you have heard of the Bogue forts. We were close to them. They are grand forts in their way, and if they were manned by Englishmen they might defy a few line-of-battle ships to pass up to Canton. However, they are only manned by Chinamen, and they only give their guns one elevation, and trust to good-luck to hit something. The Chinese Commissioner, Sou, came on board with a good lot of attendants. Some of the men carried pipes and washing-basins for the Mandarins. I think you ought to follow their plan and make Dindin carry your pipe after you. . . . We saluted Commissioner Sou both when he came on board and when he went away again. . . . A captain of Rifles and a lieutenant of Engineers went out for a walk yesterday, and being missed, some scouts were sent out to look for them, and the only things they found were two spears covered with blood. The "Fury" has started to go round the other side of the island to see if they can find any clue to the mystery. I am very well, thank God, and I hope you and all at home are the same. I am so glad to hear that May and the baby are very well. I like the name very much. Give my best love to dearest May, &c.—Your most affectionate son;

AUGUSTUS.

From Diary.

February 27, 1849.—News came that the scouts had traced drops of blood to the edge of a cliff, and at the bottom of it they found the body of the captain of the Rifles.

February 28, 1849.—The admiral is much better.

March 1, 1849.—Scarcely any officers on deck, as most of them have gone to attend funeral of Captain Decosta. One of the Chinese prisoners confessed to-day that he had a hand in murdering him.

Sunday, March 4, 1849, 9.40.—Church on the main-deck. Mr. Onslow preached from the words, "Every one must bear his own burden." Went ashore after dinner. . . . Went to church with Probyn. Mr. Onslow read prayers and preached.

March 19, 1849.—Serocold is promoted to lieutenant and additional to this ship.

Easter Sunday, April 8, 1849.—There was actually no sermon to-day. I don't know why, I am sure. How different was my last Easter Day!

Tuesday, April 10, 1849.—Went down to West Point in the afternoon, and was so unfortunate as to get my boat stoved in by the piles. Nailed a piece of lead over the leak, and it was all right. Got in a row when I came on board.

Extracts.

H.M.S. "HASTINGS," HONG-KONG,
March 20, 1849.

MY DEAREST FATHER,—I think I told you in my last letter about the murder of those two officers, Captain Decosta and Lieutenant Wyer. A whole lot of Chinamen are taken up, but none are condemned as yet. . . . On the 28th February the "Scout" arrived. She looked very well considering she had been to the bottom of a river and had been full of mud. . . . Everybody expects there will be a row with China before long. The marines belonging to the "Arab," "Inflexible," and "Medea" are going to garrison the factories at Canton, and Captain Moore and Lieutenant Holland, R.M., are going to command them. . . . On the 11th the church here was opened, and I attended service there.

The church is a very nice one, except that there are two pulpits, one for reading and one for preaching, which I know you do not exactly admire. They are going to get some stained windows and an organ from England, which will be a great improvement. On the 15th Probyn, Nott (mid.), and myself went for another walk round the island, and we did it in two hours and a half less time than we did last. I was not much tired. . . . What a row there must be in the holidays when Franky, Graves, and Freddy are at home! I suppose Dindin will go to school shortly. . . . I am very much obliged to you for all the *Illustrateds*. . . . I laughed a good deal at your description of poor old Graves snoring so much, and your half determining to get out and pelt him with boots and shoes. . . . I am so glad you have got a curate, and one that suits you so well. . . . I hope Joey Yorke is all right again now. You want him of course to take to the water cure. Do you drink a dreadful lot of water still? I suppose old Lion is getting very old now. By the bye, I just want to ask you whether, if I should see any brig or frigate I should like better than this ship, you would have any objections to my joining her. Not that I have any thoughts at present of it; but I don't like to do anything of that sort without your consent. This ship is a good deal in harbour. Write me answer, dearest papa, by your next letter. . . . I enclose a letter for Freddy and also a picture of a Chinese junk. Give my very best love to dearest May, (names also all his brothers and sisters). I hope the baby is quite well, and also dearest May. . . . Another mate has joined us called Close. He appears to be a very nice fellow.—Believe me, dearest papa, to be your most affectionate son,

AUGUSTUS.

March 30.—Nothing particular has happened since, except that the “*Mæander*” arrived here to-day. Best love to all. God bless you.

Extracts from Diary.

Wednesday, April 11, 1849.—At about six we got under weigh and sailed for Singapore.

April 12.—Examination in navigation. I am first. I got everything right.

April 13.—A target was laid down to fire at. I never saw such bad firing, for only one shot hit it. We tried to pick the target up again when we passed it with a grapnel, but could not; so they lowered the first cutter down and I went away in her to pick it up. The ship looked very well. Examination in trigonometry in the afternoon. I got full marks.

April 14, 1849.—Reading the "Pickwick Papers" a good part of the afternoon.

Sunday, April 15, 1849.—Mr. Stedman, the military chaplain of Hong-Kong, preached about the ten lepers. Mr. Onslow read prayers.

Monday, April 16, 1849.—Examination in algebra to-day. The examination is finished to-day. I am first, and have got full numbers, with the exception of five short in algebra.

April 17, 2 P.M.—Sighted the land near Manilla.

April 18.—While we were beating up, a Spanish gunboat boarded us. They are very beautiful boats, rigged with two lugs. A lieutenant and 28 men composed the crew.

April 19.—The country about here is beautifully wooded and is very pretty. . . . Manilla Bay is very beautiful—is about thirty to forty miles long. Manilla is in the N.E. corner of it. We anchored about a mile and a half off the town.

April 20, 1849.—To the northward of the lighthouse, close to the beach, is a nunnery. The shore-boats here are about the same as the Singapore ones, but I don't think so good. They are nothing better than canoes.

Sunday, April 22, 1849.—At 7.30 went ashore in my boat for some people who are going to the marriage on board us. The

marriage is between an American (Protestant) and a half Danish half Spanish lady (Roman Catholic), who have been waiting about six months to get married and could not, as the Roman Catholic Archbishop will not allow them to be married on shore. . . . The morning service was very disagreeably interrupted by a whole lot of the marriage party coming on board. So much for church in a ship. After the sermon the marriage ceremony was performed in the fore-cabin. . . . After that came a champagne tiffin in the ward-room, at which there were toasts and the band playing polkas. Two brothers of one of the bride's-maids were most disgracefully drunk. About five they all went ashore, and a whole lot of fellows went to their houses and spent the evening. However I did not admire to-day's proceedings at all.

April 23, 1849.— . . . In the river they have got very original fishing-boats. They are something in this way, viz. (here follow three sketches of different sorts of fishing-boats). There being no wind, we let go the small bower under foot, keeping the sails set. About ten we weighed.

Wednesday, April 25, St. Mark's Day.—In the forenoon the boats' crews were exercising firing at marks, but they did not fire well. In the afternoon the marines fired, and they fired beautifully, hitting bottle after bottle down.

April 27, 1849.—Dearest Helen's birthday.

Sunday, April 29.—Church on the main-deck. Mr. Stedman preached about "The Ten Virgins," a very good sermon. Read different books in the afternoon. . . . Piped hands to bathe. Both cutters were lowered down and the port lower boom was lowered in the water. They are not afraid of bathing, as the sharks will not touch a number of people.

End of April, 1849.—(Illustrated by a ship called "April" going down stern foremost.)

At Sea.

May 1, 1849, St. Philip and James.—A small shark was caught this morning.

May 5, 1849.—Read a very nice book called “Bishopric of the Soul.” I liked it very much.

Sunday, May 6, 1849.—Mr. Onslow read prayers and preached about the “devils that entered into the swine.” Very nice sermon. Read “Bishopric of the Soul” in the afternoon. Dined in the ward-room.

May 8, 1849.—This day is the anniversary of my being confirmed.

May 11, 1849.—Went away in the first cutter for the admiral’s parrot, but he was dead when we got to him.

Sunday, May 13, 1849.—Mr. Onslow preached on the same subject as last Sunday. Read “Eucharisticæ” before I went on deck at twelve. . . . Read “Records of a Good Man’s Life.”

Wednesday, May 16, 1849.—Took a lunar with Onslow and Webber, Webber taking the moon, Onslow the distance, and myself the sun. Read the Bible, viz., the Second Lesson for the Evening Service and the Communion Service.

May 17, 1849.—Read Law’s “Serious Call” after breakfast.

Extracts.

H.M.S. “HASTINGS,” SINGAPORE ROADS,
May 22, 1849.

DEAREST PAPA,—We arrived here yesterday after a voyage of forty days from Hong-Kong. We touched at Manilla, where we stayed three days. I was so jolly glad to get so many letters yesterday, four from you, two from Helen, two from Twit, one from Frank, one from Graves, and one from May. You can’t think how delighted I am to hear that dear old Frank has got into the Academy, and also that he was first in the examination. . . . How I should like to see him in his uniform! How long will it be before he gets his commission? . . . I laughed a good deal at that article in “Punch” about Sir Charles Napier. I have drawn a small picture here for you about it (viz., “Directors eating humble-pie to Sir Charles”). I was glad to get to sea

again, as we had been in harbour about four months. Old Pompo (nickname for Heneage) has had great fun up at Shanghai, —rode races, steered boats at regattas, and has been very fast indeed. We sail for Trincomalee on the 7th of June. The "Pilot" has had a slight skirmish with some pirates, and caught a whole lot of them and delivered them to the Mandarins, who quietly, directly they landed, chopped six or seven of the ring-leaders' heads off.

From Diary.

Tuesday, June 5, 1849.—Poor Davidson has had very 'bad news from home,—the death of one of his brothers at school, nine years old, of scarlet fever. . . . Two letters from my father dated April 4th and 19th. By the former I found that poor Davidson has lost two brothers instead of one, as Mrs. Davidson, on returning home from where the first brother had died, brought the infection home to a second, about four and a half years old, who died also. I am very sorry for poor Davidson.

June 6, 1849.—This morning I showed Davidson my letter containing the news of his second brother's death.

Sunday, June 10, 1849.—About five we weighed and were taken in tow by the "Fury." No church in the forenoon, but in the afternoon at 1.30 we had service, but no sermon.

June 16, 1849.—My dearest father's birthday.

June 20, 1849.—Dined with the admiral. Curme dined there, out of the ward-room.

Sunday, June 24, 1849.—Church on the main-deck, but no sermon, which I was sorry for. Read "Amy Herbert" in the afternoon.

Saturday, June 30, 1849.—Anchored in Trincomalee.

Sunday, July 1, 1849.—Anniversary of our leaving England a year ago. Took the secretary on board the "Cambrian," and took some of the admiral's traps ashore. When I came back the church pendant was hoisted, and they had just finished the Psalms. Mr. Onslow preached from the 66th Psalm and 16th verse. In the afternoon I went twice more to the admiral's

house with traps, and once with the officers ashore. Read "Lady of the Manor" and Blunt's "Lectures" in the afternoon. Altogether I spent a most unsatisfactory Sunday. It was WORTHY of the "Hastings" *certainly*.

July 7, 1849.—Wrote a letter to Mr. Newbolt, a rather long one. I gave him a kind of outline of what we had been doing since we left England.

Extracts.

H.M.S. "HASTINGS," TRINCOMALEE BAY,
July 5, 1849.

MY DEAREST FATHER,— . . . On the 29th June we sighted the land of Trincomalee. On the 30th we arrived in the bay. We found the "Cambrian" with Commodore Plumridge's pendant. There are a tremendous lot of sharks here, and there is only one place in which you can bathe in safety. . . . The admiral lives ashore. He has got a very large house, and a very nice one too. Hickley, (junior) lieutenant, has joined the "Cambrian." I am very sorry for it, for I liked him very much. Could you send me out a book called "The Steam-Engine," by Lardner, as I want to study steam? I have got due now by Government £27 odd. The "Fury" is going up to Madras to get provisions for us. . . . I hope you received the segar cases that I sent you. . . . Doctor Scott is very kind to me. Probyn, a mate in us, is promoted to lieutenant. I am very glad of it, as he is a very nice fellow. . . . With very best to all, believe me to be your most affectionate son,

AUGUSTUS.

Commodore Plumridge to Lady Montgomery at Madras.

"CAMBRIAN," July 18, 1849.

DEAR LADY MONTGOMERY,—Remembering your having expressed a desire to see young Law, I mentioned the circumstance to the admiral, and he very kindly has given him permission to take a passage up in the "Fury" (steamer), to enable him to pay

you a visit for two or three days, or during the stay of the "Fury" at Madras. He seems a fine lad, and I hear he has a well-regulated mind; indeed, the admiral told me he was the flower of his flock! When I have next the pleasure of meeting you, I will tell you a trait in his character rarely met with in youth. Pray present my compliments to Sir Henry, and believe me, dear Lady Montgomery, ever faithfully,

H. PLUMRIDGE.

Extracts from Diary.

July 16, 1849.—The admiral asked me whether I should like to go to Madras to see Sir Henry Montgomery. Of course I said, yes; and so I am going.

July 18, 1849.—Went for a walk with Hancock in the native village and towards the fort. Dined with the admiral about seven. The commodore and secretary were there. The commodore gave me a note to take to Sir Henry Montgomery's. Went with the secretary to a tea-fight at the Higgs'. Did not get back to the admiral's house till about one o'clock. Slept there.

Thursday, July 19, 1849.—Breakfasted with the admiral. . . . About six went on board the "Fury" with Hancock, Davidson, Close, and Wilkinson, who are also going to Madras.

July 20, 1849.—About daylight we got under weigh. Reading Hume's "History of England" all day (vol. 4). We do not keep any watch.

Saturday, July 21, 1849.—Breakfasted and dined with the captain to-day.

Sunday, July 22, 1849.—About 5.30 we anchored in Madras Roads. We all went ashore in the Massulah boats. They are very curious; very deep and very light, and instead of the planks being nailed together, they are sewn, which makes them quite pliable; so that if they touch coming in, it does not hurt them at all. No ships' boats venture through the surf. . . .

When we had crossed the surf, which we did without getting wet, most of the fellows went to the hotel, but I took a carriage at once and started off for Sir Henry Montgomery's house. About five minutes after I had arrived, he and Lady Montgomery came in from church. They were very glad to see me. I have got a capital room and a very large bed. I heard that my cousin Dyneley is going to get married. And also that Ensign Grove is at Trichinopoly, and is getting on very well.

July 23, 1849.—Went out for a ride on a nice white pony with Sir Henry Montgomery. Sir Henry was so kind as to order a new jacket and six white jackets for me. . . . Went with Sir Henry in his carriage to his office. . . . Went to Mr. Thompson's and dressed for dinner. Dined there.

Tuesday, July 24, 1849.—Tiffin at two. At half-past three went in the carriage with Lady Montgomery to the arsenal; well worth seeing. There are arms there for about 109 or 110 regiments. Major Simpson showed us round. We then went to Sir Henry's office, and to hear the band. Sir Henry made me a present of Lardner's "Steam-Engine." Gave Lady Montgomery my rice pictures to send home.

Wednesday, July 25, 1849.—Up at six, had breakfast and got ready to leave. Sir Henry gave me two letters for the commodore, and one for John Dent. I was *very, very* sorry to leave, especially as they were so very kind to me. They gave me a present of fifty rupees before I left. Took leave and went off again to the "Fury." I was never so sorry to leave a place. Began Lardner's "Steam-Engine."

Sunday, July 29, 1849.—No church. In sight of land. Went down in the engine-rooms and saw all the arrangements. About quarter-past six got into Trincomalee harbour. Went on board the "Hastings" directly we anchored.

Monday, August 6, 1849.—Wrote a letter to my dear father (*i.e.*, a full account of his visit to Madras, already mentioned in Diary). A ball on board the "Fury" in the evening. I was asked, but did not go. Our band played there.

Wednesday, August 8, 1849.—About five got under weigh, and taken in tow by the “Fury.” When out of the harbour made sail. Dined with the admiral at three.

Sunday, August 12, 1849.—Church on the upper-deck, but no sermon. Read “Memoirs of Rev. Robert Anderson” in afternoon.

Extracts.

From Sir Henry Montgomery to the Hon. Mrs. W. T. Law.

MADRAS, August 12, 1849.

MY DEAR MATILDA,—Lora is, I know, busy giving you a detailed account of Augustus’s visit to us, and of the great pleasure it afforded us. . . . We were very much pleased with him. Indeed, I never saw so well-disposed a boy. He bears the highest character possible from his shipmates, and Lora will send you the commodore’s note about him. The first thing I did was to overhaul his kit. He wanted but few things, but I was very glad to find that he did want some few things which we had time to get for him—particularly he required his trousers let down. I forgot to measure him, but he says he is much grown. I hope he will be able to come again and stay for a time, but now the “Hastings” is on her way to China. He seems very happy, likes his profession, and, I doubt not, will be an ornament to it, for he is a fine little fellow, with proper feelings and high principles, and a good deal of talent and perseverance. He was much pleased with Lora’s pony, and, I believe, altogether with his visit to us, and it will not be his fault, I believe, if he does not come again. He has promised to let me know whenever he wants anything that we can get for him. I gave him a letter to one of the merchant-kings at Canton, which I hope will be useful to him. . . . I hope my time in India is drawing to a close, and that I shall be among you all in the summer of 1855. It looks a long time off, but will soon pass away, and until that time I could not return with anything like

comfort, and having health, and a position that, though the aim of many, is gained by few, I should be unwise to relinquish it. . . . My love to William, and to Mille, and your boy. Ever, dearest Til, your very affectionate brother,

HENRY C. MONTGOMERY.

Note by Editor.—Sir Henry Montgomery, shortly after leaving India, was appointed to be one of the original members of the Council for India, which office he continued to hold till he had served India, abroad and at home, for fifty years, and on his retirement was made a member of Her Majesty's Privy Council.

Extracts from Diary.

August 24, 1849.—Anchored in Singapore roads. Got two letters from my dearest father, dated May 18 and June 18, enclosing letters from Helen and Twitty.

August 25.—Began my letter to my father in the afternoon. (This letter is missing.)

Sunday, August 26, 1849.—Church on the upper-deck. No sermon. This is the third Sunday that there has been no sermon.

Sunday, September 2, 1849.—This is the fourth Sunday that the admiral has not allowed a sermon.

Sunday, September 9, 1849.—Church on the upper-deck. Admiral not on board. Mr. Onslow preached from 2d Corinthians, 12th chapter, 9 verse: "My grace is sufficient for thee," &c., &c. A very beautiful sermon, I thought.

Thursday, September 13, 1849.—At 5.30 weighed and proceeded out of Singapore harbour.

Friday, September 14, 1849.—Musket-drill to-day. We are now allowed to pass out if we know the detail of the drill, &c., perfectly, and I am going to begin to learn the gunnery. Read

the Bible and said my prayers in Hancock's cabin. I also read some of "Pilgrim's Progress."

Sunday, September 16, 1849.—A marine called Coleman died at six this morning. He has been ill about ten days. No church this morning, but I read the Lessons and Psalms with Onslow in his cabin. At 11.30 the funeral took place. . . . The Union Jack and the grating were not let overboard at all, which I thought looked rather bad. This is the second burial at sea I have seen, the last being of the bandmaster of the "Carysfort," in August 1847, on our passage from Mexico to Valparaiso.

Extracts.

H.M.S. "HASTINGS," HONG-KONG HARBOUR,
September 28, 1849.

MY DEAREST FATHER,—We arrived here this evening, having sailed from Singapore on the 13th. We have sailed all the way. . . . It appears to me that whenever this ship comes up to China, the Chinese are very quiet, but when we go to Singapore, they commence making rows and disturbances. . . . I have had a good long letter from Uncle Henry Law. The bishop has not arrived yet. I suppose he will by the next mail. . . . Wish old Graves (from me) many happy returns of the day, as it will be his birthday soon after you receive this. Close, the mate, is going home, so then we shall have no mate in the flagship. The admiral is very well, but I don't know how this weather will agree with him, for it is very hot.

Extracts from Diary.

Sunday, September 30, 1849.—Church on the upper-deck. Mr. Onslow preached from 2 Corinthians x. 4, 5. At half-past three the "Canton" (new steamer) arrived with the news that the "Columbine" yesterday had given chase to a lot of pirate junks, and that in taking one of them, the Chinese blew their

junk up rather than be taken, that in the explosion poor Goddard (midshipman) and three or four men had been killed, and six or seven badly wounded and burnt. Goddard died on the passage. . . . Signal made to the "Fury" to get her steam up. Our barge was manned, and besides her own crew were the launch's crew, and also her marines. The officers that went were Luard, Holland, Close, Chambers, and Wright. About dusk the "Fury" got under weigh with the barge in tow. I was employed most of the afternoon and evening in taking the wounded men on board the "Alligator." Some of the poor fellows looked very dreadful. Two were in cots. After information of the arrangements for the burial of poor Goddard, I went on board the "Canton," and he was put in the coffin and taken ashore, and some of my boat's crew went up to Happy Valley with the hearse, to take the coffin out when they got there. They were an hour and a half there and back, and I did not get on board till eleven, and I was very tired. When the steamer left the "Columbine," she had hemmed in nine junks in three different bays. I hope all our fellows will be all right.

Monday, October 1, 1849.—About five o'clock all those that were going to the funeral of Goddard turned out and dressed. They were Beamish, Lutterel, Wood, Bunn, Swann, Broadhead, Nott, Barlow, Wilkinson, Davidson, and myself. At 5.30 we shoved off in the pinnace and landed at Happy Valley. The pinnace men then fell in and marched with their arms trailed. When close to the burial-ground we met Captain Morgan, Cockburn, and the secretary. Curme marched at head of the pinnace men. We fell in two and two and walked up to the small chapel, Onslow preceding us, reading the texts at the beginning of the Burial Service. We then went into the chapel, where the coffin was, and after the Lesson was read, it was taken to the grave. After the remainder of the service, three volleys were fired by the boat's crew, and we went on board.

Thursday, October 4, 1849.—The "Fury" arrived with the

"Columbine" in tow, and Luard, Holland, Close, Chambers, Wright, and Roberts, with the marines, launchers, and bargemen, came on board.

Their description was : They arrived at the place about twelve or one o'clock, and about daylight commenced firing with the great guns and broadside do. Some of the larger junks (there was one 150 feet long) returned the fire with great vigour, but after five or six discharges of grape and canister from the "Fury's" 84-pounders, they fired little or not at all, and then the "Fury" went on firing without stopping for about four or five hours to fully destroy the junks. They rest of the time they were up there they were employed in setting fire to and destroying the junks, and also their guns. The pirates had a regular dockyard full of stores up there, and they had a most beautiful junk building on the stocks, which of course was also destroyed. The pirates were not at all afraid of the "Columbine," for they gave out they were coming in to clean their bottoms and then go out again, and they were cleaning their bottoms when the "Fury" arrived. The "Columbine" was all ready for a slip when the "Fury" arrived, and she had her sweeps lashed to the guns to prevent boarding. There was only one man slightly wounded in the "Fury" on his leg. Four or five shots struck her. A good many shots had struck the "Columbine."

Sunday, October 7, 1849.—Church on the upper-deck, but no sermon. To-day the captain read a letter from the admiral to the ship's company, complimenting him on the good conduct of the men employed the other day against the pirates, and also on the behaviour of the whole ship's company. The captain rated Thomas Bist (a "Carysfort") for his good behaviour up there, reported to him by Luard. He gave him the rating of second captain of the maintop. I am glad he was rated, for he is a very good man.

Friday, October 12, 1849, Regatta Day.—Reading Hume's "History of England" the time that I was not away in my boat. At 1.30 went for the ladies and gentlemen from the shore to

come on board to the tiffin. Among the people I brought off was the Roman Catholic bishop. The tiffin was got up beautifully. About four o'clock we fired a gun, and off went all the yachts for the Governor's cup.

Sunday, October 14, 1849.—Church on the upper-deck, but I am sorry to say no sermon, although it was only 11.30 when we finished. Read Law's "Serious Call" till dinner-time. After dinner I went ashore with Beamish and went to church. Mr. Stedman read the prayers, and Onslow preached from 1st John, 5th chapter, 4th verse: "For whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world, and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." After church I went for a walk with Probyn and Beamish round Happy Valley. Back to the club, and had some Welsh rabbit and ale, and came on board, and so to bed.

Tuesday, October 16, 1849.—The anniversary of my DEAR mother's death five years ago.

N.B.—On one side of the page are written "October 16, 1844, East Brent." On the other, words which on her death-bed she told him ever to remember, viz., "Thou God seest me," and the *number* of the Psalm she at the same time desired to have read to her, the 103d in the English Church's version of the Bible.

October 19, 1849.—Reading Edward III.'s reign all the afternoon. My boat was hoisted up at sunset. I am now reading Law's "Serious Call," and I like it very much indeed.

Sunday, October 21, 1849.—Trafalgar day, and my sixteenth birthday. England expects every man to do his duty. (Also illustrated with drawings of ships in action, sailors with wooden legs, flags, &c.) Church on the main-deck. Mr. Onslow preached from Romans vi. 14.

October 22, 1849.—The captain went down on the lower-deck and said it was not properly clean, so ordered them to pipe

"Clean lower-deck" again. We also went to quarters twice. J. M. is coming fly Martin's dodge—begin the day again.

Sunday, October 28, 1849.—6.30 this morning intelligence came off of the death of the admiral. He died this morning about a quarter to six o'clock. They first knew he was dying about eleven o'clock last night. However, I believe the doctor knew him to be dying about three days ago. The funeral is to be at four o'clock to-morrow afternoon. . . . The procession is to commence at the foot of the hill that the Chief-Justice lives on. The admiral's flag is half-masted. Church on the upper-deck; very hot day. Mr. Onslow preached from the 20th chapter of the 1st Book of Samuel, part of the third verse: "But truly as the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, there is but a step between me and death." It was a very nice sermon on the uncertainty of life. At one o'clock took Onslow on board the "Alligator" to preach.

Monday, October 29, 1849.—At about a quarter to three all the boats were manned. All the marines went in the launch, the petty officers in the pinnace, the gun-room officers in the barge, and some of the ward-room officers in the first cutter. The commander in the second gig was superintending. While we were going ashore the "Hastings" was firing minute-guns, and when we were on shore the fort fired minute-guns. The procession was formed at the bottom of the hill that the Chief-Justice lives at. The 95th band went first,—Onslow, Staunton, and Stedman, second. Then the two surgeons, Scott and Bankin. The admiral's coxswain carried the flag half-masted on a staff before the coffin, and the galleys and bargemen pulled the coffin on a field-piece. The whole way was lined by the 95th, 59th, and Rifles on each side of the road. Altogether the ceremony was performed very well. There were a good many civilians there. When the service was over we all went down to the boats, and at sunset the admiral's flag was hauled down.

Wednesday, October 31, 1849.—Went out to Happy Valley for a walk. . . . Went in the burial-ground and looked at some of

the inscriptions on the gravestones. The 95th have erected a stone to the memory of eight sergeants, eight corporals, seventy-five privates, three drummers, four women and four children, who all died of the Hong-Kong fever in the months of June, July, August, and September of the year 1848.

• *Thursday, November 1, 1849.*—"Fury" and "Columbine" coming in. . . . Went alongside the "Columbine." . . . They had been cruising about in the Gulf of Tonquin till the 20th, when they fell in with them (*i.e.*, the pirates), but for particulars refer to account of expedition, which I have copied, written by one of the officers of the "Columbine." I was very glad to find they were all right, especially *dear* Hancock. No one was killed or wounded in either vessel. (Extract from account above referred to.) Early on 21st (*i.e.*, October) groups of piratical junks were in sight, which seemed to be as great strangers in the labyrinth of creeks as ourselves. Before night twenty-four more were totally destroyed, and their people killed, drowned, or in the hands of the Cochinchinese, who were hunting them down with bamboo spears, or they perished in the swamps, which for miles round bound the waters we were in. A gallant affair took place this day. Lieutenant Hancock of the "Hastings" in the paddle-box boat of the "Fury" attacked nine large junks, who tried their best to beat him off, and although they maintained a well-directed fire for nearly two hours, were at last, by the beautiful practice from his twenty-four pound howitzers, forced, after terrific slaughter, to give in, and their junks met the common fate. Nothing but the exceeding good management of his boat saved his people. Not a soul was wounded or hurt, although grape in showers fell around and his ammunition was reduced to seven rounds.

Sunday, November 11, 1849.—Church on main-deck. Onslow preached from St. Luke xvi. 29-31. Read Abbot's "Young Christian" in the afternoon. Went ashore with Beamish at four o'clock and went to church. Stedman read prayers, and preached from Malachi i. 6.

*Extracts.**To Sir Henry Montgomery, at Madras.*

HONG-KONG HARBOUR, December 29, 1849.

DEAR SIR HENRY,—We have now been in here three months, and I am getting very tired of the place. . . . I received the cap all right, which you so kindly sent me. . . . I am very much obliged to you for all your kindness. . . . The “Fury” was sent down for the commodore about two months ago, and is soon expected up here with him. I believe we are going to Bombay directly he comes, and I hope we shall go to Madras too. . . . I like this ship more and more every day. . . . I hope you like your new house. . . . I am very well and happy. Give my best love to Lady Montgomery, and believe me to be your most affectionate friend,

AUGUSTUS H. LAW.

Tuesday, December 18, 1849.—Read a sermon of Manning’s on “Christ the Healing of Mankind.”

Tuesday, Christmas Day, 1849.—Soon after service I went ashore with Hancock, and just got to the church in time to hear the sermon. Hancock and myself received the Holy Communion. Hancock then went off to the ship as it was his four to eight watch. I went to afternoon service, which begins at 3.30. Stedman read prayers, and Onslow preached (the text entered in the Diary, as was Augustus’ invariable custom, which will not, therefore, be again noticed in this Memoir). I dined in the ward-room, and had the honour of cutting the Christmas cake.

December, 31, 1849.—I hope we are going to sea soon, as I am very tired of being in harbour so long.

Finis Anni.

I have net pay due to-day, £32, 9s.

N.B.—In several pages at the end of the 1849 Diary are translations into French of various nautical terms,

Extract from a Letter to his Father.

HONG-KONG, December 27, 1849.

The general opinion out here is that Admiral Berkeley (who will be an admiral by the death of Sir Francis Collier), will be appointed to the command of this station, and, as he is Captain Seymour's uncle, it is said that perhaps he will be his Flag-Captain. . . . I suppose when you receive this letter you will be at Hampton Court. Will you give my love to Wilfred Seymour, and remember me to all the Seymours? . . . I am asked to dine with Colonel Philpotts on New Year's Day, and also by the governor, but as I was asked by the former first, shall of course dine there. *Luard* is going home by the next mail, I am sorry to say, at least, that is to say, if he can. . . . This ship is *very*, *very* comfortable, and I like her better than ever. I have dined twice with the captain in the last week. By the time you get this letter I shall have just been a little more than four years in the service, and have passed my four-yearly examination.

Extracts from Diary, 1850.

Hong-Kong, Friday, January 1850.—Went ashore with Captain Morgan to dine with the governor. The governor told me he knew my Uncle Ellenborough, and also Uncle Henry Law. He was very civil, and I spent a pretty comfortable evening. I did not see Mrs. Bonham. I like old Bonham very well.

*Letter from the Chaplain and Naval Instructor, to
Hon. W. T. Law.*

H.M.S. "HASTINGS," HONG-KONG, CHINA,
January 30, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—I need scarcely tell you of the welfare of your son Augustus as he continues ever the same diligent and steady little fellow. Wherever he may go, he will have but one character,

that of a Christian gentleman and officer. Our general examination is just over, and I am delighted to say he retained his position as first of the midshipmen and naval cadets. The contest was a much harder one this time, there being twenty-five candidates; some of them much senior to Augustus in age and the service. His most formidable antagonist was a Turkish lieutenant, who is attached to this ship as a midshipman, and who, by reason of his great mathematical attainments, was not a fitting opponent for Augustus. Nevertheless, the latter was equal to him in several subjects. I think you will be glad to hear that Augustus likes his profession much better, and seems to take a much greater interest in those things connected with the sailing and managing of the ship.—Believe me, my dear sir, yours very faithfully and sincerely,

W. LAKE ONSLOW.

Extracts from Diary.

February 4, 1850.—Mr. Staunton sent me yesterday two of his sermons, with a preface. I like them very well. They are principally to the Hong-Kong merchants, trying to persuade them to think less of riches, and more of God. I am afraid Staunton has lost a good deal of by those two sermons. . . . But a minister of God, of course, cannot expect to go through his life, if he does his duty (and which Mr. Staunton I am sure does), without some people disliking him and talking against him. However, I think those sermons of his will do good, if not now, in some future day, as it is said, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days." . . . I was officer of the watch, the first time I ever have been in a line-of-battle ship.

Monday, February 11, 1850.—To-day all the 59th Regiment landed, and as they passed in the boats we played the Grenadier's March, and they cheered. I think, if they knew what a place Hong-Kong was, they would not have cheered so much. However, I suppose they were very glad to get out of the "Apollo," having been so long in her. Read the Bishop of Tasmania's

lectures on the Church Catechism. I like it exceedingly, as far as I have read—four first lectures.

Ash Wednesday, February 13, 1850.—Men and marines landed 7.45. Band went with us, and played as we marched. Principal manoeuvres, forming squares, charging, &c. Altogether did it pretty well. This is not the kind of way I should LIKE to spend Ash Wednesday. . . . Went aloft after quarters. Read the Bible (as usual) before I turned in, and also the sixth lecture on the Catechism by the Bishop of Tasmania.

Sunday, February 17, 1850.—I got one letter from my DEAR Father, dated December 18, and one from Helen and Twit each. No particular news, except that dear old Frank is getting on so capitally at Woolwich and has gained forty-four places in ten months. HOW THANKFUL I ought to be to God for His blessings, in having given me such a dear father, stepmother, and brothers and sisters, and may my constant prayer be, that I may be more thankful for His blessings, and also show it by following His blessed will in all things that I do. Went on shore to church in the afternoon.

Monday, February 18, 1850.—I am four years in the service to-day. The captain could not manage to pass me to-day, as he had too much to do.

February 21, 1850.—While I was dressing, I was told the captain wanted me in his cabin, and when I got there, to my great delight, he began to examine me! His questions were . . . (*i.e.*, ten in number). In the middle of it he asked me to breakfast with him. After the captain had finished with me, he sent for Brehant and Captain Cockburn. Brehant asked me . . . (*i.e.*, six questions), Captain Cockburn . . . (four questions). I got over it about ten o'clock, and the captain told me to tell the clerk to make out my certificate. Read "Paradise Lost" part of the afternoon. I hope, now that I have passed my four-yearly, I shall not become lazy. My present intentions are to learn everything I can in my profession. The commander told me that I should be excused every drill now.

Sunday, February 24, 1850.—Church on the main-deck. . . . Eight assistant surgeons dined in the gun-room. Oh! how I do dislike that way naval officers have of asking a lot of people to dine on SUNDAYS.

February 27, 1850.—Went on board the “Alligator” to see Heneage. He has got the rheumatism bad. He has got a miserable place to live in on board, viz., a place screened in, abaft, on the main-deck.

Monday, March 4, 1850.—Finished “Hawkstone,” which place’s real name is Hawkshead in Westmoreland. Please God, if I arrive in England safe and sound, I will go and see the place, and by the description of “Villiers” in that book, oh, how I wish there were *very, very* many Villiers’s in England!

March 5, 1850.—I forgot to say that *yesterday* at noon, on account of a report that there were some pirates at Byass Bay, the “Medea” started in search of them with a party of our marines and also our pinnace men and galleys. The lucky officers that went were Webber, Holland, Nott, and Wilkinson. I should like very much to go some day. About five o’clock the “Medea,” having destroyed nine junks and *taken* thirteen altogether, arrived. Read some of Blunt’s “Lectures on St. Paul’s Life.”

Wednesday, March 6, 1850.—Collected all my books and put them in my drawers, and they look very well there.

Sunday, March 9, 1850.—News, by the monthly mail, is that Elliott has got appointed acting captain of the “Albatross.” He is very lucky, indeed, having been only two years and a half a lieutenant. He was also only about a year a mate.

March 11, 1850.—The “Antelope” clipper brig tacked close to us. She is one of the most beautiful clippers out here. To see her shooting in stays was quite a pleasant sight. Read the papers. Saw the death of poor old Admiral (Lord) Colville, my uncle, in the papers. I was surprised to see he was eighty-two. . . . Whilst I was at the club, I fell in with Captain Gordon

of the 59th. He was talking of Captain Graves, and said he was a very good fellow.

Wednesday, March 13th, 1850.—This day, four years ago, sailed from England in the old "Carysfort."

Sunday, March 17, 1850.—Onslow never preached, in my humble opinion, a better sermon than he did to-day, as it was so very plain and easy for the men, and, in fact, I was very glad to see several men listening very attentively to it. May the good seed be not sown in vain. To return to the sermon. Onslow showed how very well the case of the second son might be applied to ourselves (who "said, I go, sir, but went not"), inasmuch as we too often vainly imagine we can do good deeds, &c., which, when we come to, we shrink from. How often do we plan good resolutions, but do we keep them? . . . Read the fourth, fifth, and sixth of Moberly's sermons at Winchester. I am quite delighted with them. May it please God of His great goodness that I may profit by reading those beautiful sermons. Let people who laugh at religion say what they will; but if they knew what happiness I have whilst I am reading those sermons, I am sure they would try to get it too by reading them. I went on shore with Beamish and Haverfield to church. There was a Sacrament, but I am sorry to say I did not think myself worthy to go to the Lord's table, for certain reasons. But I hope, *Deo volente*, to go on the next Sacrament Sunday, which will be Easter, and from that day, I will make it a rule (God being my helper), to receive it whenever I can.

Monday, March 18, 1850.—I had quite a providential escape during the exercising, viz., a block very nearly struck me on the head, it in fact just fell at my feet. It fell out of the mizzen-top. If I had been only two inches further forward, the chances are that it would have killed me on the spot. How thankful ought I to be to God for all His mercies to me!

March 19, 1850.—The mail steamer "Malta" arrived. Admiral Austen is the new Admiral; Captain Austen, Flag-Captain; and A. Purves, Flag-Lieutenant. Old Hancock is promoted. I am

jolly glad of it, although I am VERY sorry he is going to leave the ship. I stayed up till nearly 1.30 in his cabin talking with him.

Wednesday, March 20, 1850.—At seven went on board the mail steamer and took Mr. Hulmes' luggage ashore. On the way there I read all my letters, three from my father, also letters from Helen, Frank, Graves, Twit.

March 21, 1850.—Dear old Hancock gave me a lot of books and some other little things. He is so VERY kind to me, and so MUCH more than I deserve. Dined with the captain.

Saturday, March 23, 1850.—(This day's entry contains a long account of a picnic given by about a dozen midshipmen and others to Lieutenants Luard, Hancock, promoted, and Hickley). The country was beautiful in the extreme. It was quite a treat to go there. As we were walking in the woods we might have fancied ourselves in some of old England's parks, they were so very beautiful. Luard, Hancock, and Hickley, our guests, enjoyed themselves very much.

HONG-KONG, *March 26, 1850.*

DEAREST PAPA,—I send a box of chessmen home (by Mr. Hancock, promoted to commander) to you, and some floss silk (stowed away in the bottom) for dear old May. I hope you will get them all right. I send you Hancock's direction, in case you should feel inclined to write to him, as he has been so very kind to me ever since he has been in the ship, giving me the use of his cabin, &c. : "Hamsey Rectory, near Lewes, Sussex." I also send two needle-cases, one for Helen and one for Twit, and with very best love to all, believe me to be, your most affectionate son,

AUGUSTUS.

I have got some other curiosities, but have not room to send them, as I don't like overloading Hancock. The next packets must be to old Frank and Graves.

N.B.—Above letter enclosed in parcel.

Extracts.

H.M.S. "HASTINGS," HONG-KONG, *March 26, 1850.*

DEAREST FATHER,—I was very glad to get the news about the new admiral. . . . I think old Admiral Austen will be invalided before he has been long on the station. . . . Report says that old Austen is a very good fellow ; I hope it is true. We expect the Admiral by the next mail, and then I hope we shall leave this place. I am very sorry old Morgan (*i.e.*, the "Flag Captain" with the late admiral Sir F. Collier, W.T.L.) is going to leave us, he is such a good fellow, and is liked universally. Yesterday was the anniversary of the paying off of the happy "Carysfort," long to be remembered by me. It appears that the admirals don't like the East India and China Station much, as four have refused—Pellew, Bowles, Sharp, and Prescott. . . . The only things I want, if you will kindly send them for me, are books which I will mention—The Bishop of Tasmania's "Lectures on the Church Catechism," "Comments on the Holy Bible" by Scott, and a small "Cruden's Concordance," small edition, I mean. . . . I must remark that I can go out on the field well armed, as I have got a double-barrelled gun, and a brace of double-barrelled pistols, in other words, six Chinamen. . . . I have got my DEAREST mother's picture in a frame. . . . Captain Gordon of the 59th, who is A.-D.-C. to the general here, was speaking to me the other day of Uncle Dolphy,* and says he was liked very much in the regiment. . . . The Bishop of Hong-Kong has just arrived in a merchant vessel. I am very glad of it. I hope to hear him preach the day after to-morrow. . . . Give my VERY BEST LOVE to dearest May. (Names also his brothers and sisters.)—Believe me, Dear old Papa, to be your most affectionate son,

AUGUSTUS.

Extracts from Diary.

Wednesday, March 27, 1850.—All the afternoon assisting in packing old Hancock's things. Fred's birthday.

* Captain the Hon. Adolphus Graves.

Thursday, March 28, 1850.—Dined in the ward-room with Hancock. Luard proposed the health of old Hancock, and it was drunk with bumpers. Hancock in a very good speech returned thanks, and said the pleasure of his promotion was taken away by Luard not being promoted too, &c.

March 29, 1850, Good Friday.—Church on the lower-deck. In the afternoon read some of Dr. Moberly's sermons. In the evening I went with Luard and Hancock on board the "Alligator," the latter wishing to take leave of old Pompo (*i.e.*, nickname for Heneage).

Saturday, Easter Eve, March 30, 1850.—Shifted all my books to my drawer again, as old Hancock leaves to-day. Wrote a letter to Captain Seymour. At about one, Nott, Beamish, Moultrie, Davidson, Wood, and myself manned the second gig to pull old Hancock on board the "Malta." Luard steered the boat. It was pouring with rain while we were pulling on board. When we got on board we sat down to a very tolerable tiffin, and when they were heaving the anchor up, we all wished dear Hancock good-bye, and pulled twenty yards from the ship, and cheered him like mad. We laid on our oars near the "Malta" till she went on a-head, and we then cheered him again, and pulled on board again. I was *very, very* sorry at Hancock's leaving, as he was so very kind to me, and so was every one in the ship. He was officer, gentleman (but above all), a Christian, combined, and may God bless and preserve him for ever and ever.

Hong-Kong, Easter Day, March 31, 1850.—Church on the lower-deck. Directly after church I went on shore with Haverfield, and came in just in the middle of the Litany. The bishop (Smith) preached. I could not hear him distinctly, so I could not judge whether it was a good sermon. I stayed at the Holy Communion. There were a good many there, and there were about ten naval officers out of them. Went on board to dinner after the Holy Communion was over, and went to afternoon church on shore afterwards. . . . The bishop's chap-

lain preached. . . . I liked his sermon very much, and have not yet heard a better preached in Victoria Cathedral. Went on board after church. Went away in the Guard boat.

Easter Tuesday, April 2, 1850.—Felt disposed to ask the commander about my keeping watch under Cook, master's assistant. But the Bible does not warrant my doing so in several passages:—Luke xiv. 11; James iv. 6; Proverbs xv. 33; Philippians ii. 14; 1 Peter v. 5; Hebrews xiii. 13; Romans xii. 10–16, &c. Besides, what business is it to me who is officer of the watch? I have not been lowered by it. I am still as I was before, mate of the watch. Oh, may God take from me pride, which is one of my most troublesome sins.

Hong-Kong, Wednesday, April 3, 1850.—Pringle came down into the gun-room for the first time since he met with his accident. I was very glad to see him again. In a fortnight I hope he will be all right. He has now got a good colour in his face. I had a very jolly bathe in the evening with Buckle.

Thursday, April 4, 1850.—Went to evening service on shore with Haverfield at half-past six.

To Lord Ellenborough from Sir Thomas Herbert, a Lord of the Admiralty.

120 JERMYN STREET, LONDON,
April 4, 1850.

MY DEAR LORD,—Upon my return to town this morning, I have the honour to receive your note of the 31st of March. It will give me much pleasure to write to the captain of the "Hastings" to have your nephew lent from that ship to a small brig on the station, where he will have the opportunity of acquiring practical knowledge of seamanship. I was delighted to hear that the young gentleman had passed his examination so creditably, and that all your accounts speak so favourably of him. I should like to have witnessed his struggle with the Turkish cadet (? *lieutenant*). See Naval Instructor's letter of Jan. 30,

1850, some few pages back.—W. T. L.) Ever yours very truly
and gratefully obliged,

(Signed) T. HERBERT.

Extracts.

From Commander Hancock, to the Hon. and Rev. W. T. Law.

HAMSEY RECTORY, NEAR LEWES,
May 28th, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have just returned from the “Hastings,” where I left your dear boy in the enjoyment of good health and every happiness you could wish him. I enclose you a letter he asked me to send with a few curiosities from China, but I think it better to forward the letter, keeping the small parcel until I hear from you how I had better send it. . . . I need hardly tell you how universally beloved your boy is on board. He promises to make an excellent officer, and more than *this*, I think he cannot fail (by God’s grace) to make a *true Christian*. I trust all your family are well, for I have so long felt a deep interest in the welfare of one, that I cannot feel indifferent to any who are dear to him. Should I not write to him by next mail may I beg you will kindly give him my kindest remembrances, and believe me
yours very truly,

G. HANCOCK.

Extracts from Diary.

Tuesday, April 9, 1850.—To-night I picked up a wrinkle from Pike the gunner, viz., that if you sling a bullet at the end of a piece of thread $39\frac{1}{8}$ inches long it will vibrate seconds, and if $91\frac{8}{10}$ inches half-seconds.

April 11, 1850.—Read a tract by Bishop Wilson on the Preparation, &c., for the Lord’s Supper from 9.30 to 11.30, and then turned in. I liked it very much.

Saturday, April 13, 1850.—Read two of Manning’s sermons in the forenoon.

Sunday, April 14, 1850.—Church on the lower-deck. Mr. Onslow preached. . . . He first showed how it was that God's commandments were *not* grievous to those who followed God, but, on the other hand, how hard they were to those who never thought of God, and he then went on to show how blessed those were who sought God early, and in their youth walked with God. . . . Oh may I never find God's commandments grievous, but on the contrary full of pleasantness and peace. Read two of Manning's sermons in the afternoon, viz., on Holy Obedience and Fasting a means to Christian Perfection. I like Manning's sermons very much indeed.

Extract from Letter.

H.M.S. "HASTINGS," HONG-KONG,
April 20, 1850.

MY DEAREST FATHER,—The mail arrived on the 18th, and our new captain, Captain Austen, arrived in her. He read his commission the same day, and is now in charge, and old Morgan has gone ashore. He is going to live ashore till the mail sails. I am very sorry he has gone. I am now officer of the twenty-four pounder field-piece. I was appointed to-day, and have just come from attending the drill. . . . Will you tell me all about the disturbance that Mr. Gorham has been making? He has made more noise it appears than enough. I have just finished reading "The Portrait of an English Churchman" by Gresley, the book that Mr. Newbolt gave me. I like the book very much. . . . So old Freddy is at Somerton. I am very glad of it, as old Noon is such a good master and very kind, and the Newbolts will be very kind to him too. I *for my part* shall never forget Somerton days. . . . I have just been looking in a map at your nice trip to Somerton, Dorchester, Southampton, Havre, Rouen, Abbeville, Boulogne and home. You must have enjoyed it very much. . . . There is an evening service every Thursday on shore, and I always attend if I possibly can. . . . On fifteenth and sixteenth two Chinese boats capsized, but we sent one of our boats both times,

and rescued the unfortunate fellows, and none were drowned. . . . Give my very best love to dearest May, thank her for her dear letter, also to (&c. &c. &c.). Thank God I am very well, very happy, and very comfortable. . . . I still keep up my Diary, and you will have quite a lot to read by the time I get home (*D. V.*). How jolly it *will* be when I *do* get home. And now, dearest papa, I have got no more to say, so with best love to all, believe me to be your most affectionate son,

AUGUSTUS.

Extracts from Diary.

Sunday, April 21, 1850.—After church, Onslow, Beamish, Haverfield, and myself went to the cathedral. We got there just at the commencement of the bishop's sermon, which was on Ordination. After the sermon a man called "Jackson" was ordained to the holy office of deacon—the first ordination I have ever been at. . . . The Holy Eucharist was administered, and we all attended it. May it, by God's blessing, *strengthen* me and *keep* me from all wickedness.

Friday, April 26, 1850.—Read one of Moberley's sermons on "Christian Joy in Youth," which I read about November 1848, or rather Hancock read it aloud in his cabin.

April 27, 1850.—My DEAR sister *Helen's* birthday. She is eighteen years old.

Monday, May 6, 1850.—A lieutenant of the "Serpent," Fox, came on board. I knew him when he was a mate in the "Collingwood" on the Pacific. I did not recognise him at first. Had a very jolly bathe in the evening. To-day, to-morrow, and next day are the Rogation days, Thursday being Ascension day.

Tuesday, May 7, 1850.—Bathe at five. Swam from the buoy, round the ship, and back again. Skylarked in the evening at "fly the garter."

May 8, 1850.—Confirmed two years to-day. In the evening had a lot of skylarking, viz., "fly the garter" and "leap frog;" and I had two rounds of wrestling with Poulton. I threw him

once, and he threw me once. We are going to have the third round some future evening.

Saturday, May 11, 1850.—Reading Law's "Serious Call" most of the morning, and also "The Christian Year." About one o'clock, news that the "Amazon" is twenty days from Singapore on her way to relieve us; also orders for us to prepare for sea, which I am VERY, VERY glad of.

May 12, 1850, Sunday after Ascension Day.—Saw in the papers the great disagreement in the English Church between the Bishop of Exeter and Mr. Gorham. I am very sorry for it, and I wonder much at such a thing being brought before the council, and not before the bishops, for what says the commencement of the 20th Article?

Wednesday, May 15, 1850.—Dined with the bishop. Mr. Stedman, Onslow, and Harrison were there. Harrison is chaplain of the "Minden" and "Alligator."

Whit Sunday, May 19, 1850.—Church on the lower-deck. About one o'clock, to my great joy, the "Amazon" hove in sight. . . . We sail to-morrow, I believe. . . . The "Amazon" is a very fine frigate, and she looked very well coming in. She anchored in shore off us.

Whit Monday, May 20, 1850, 1.30.—"Hands weigh and make sail" was piped, and about 1.45 we proceeded out of harbour. . . . This morning I read "Wheatley" on Whit Monday.

May 24, 1850.—The Queen's Birthday. This day two years ago I first appeared on board this ship.

May 25, 1850.—Very hot day. Sharks cruising round the ship. Oh for a breeze, fair or foul, I don't care which!

Sunday, June 9, 1850.—To-day I was *extremely* happy to see old Roberts reading the Bible. He is at present reading Law's "Serious Call." Praised be God for all His mercies. May Roberts go on in the happy path he has at last found.

Friday, June 21, 1850.—Fine breeze, and it was beautifully scented by the smell of the land. It smelt quite like honey-suckle. Slept in the "Launch" after my watch till five o'clock.

Sunday, June 23, 1850.—Forenoon watch. Got leave from Hickley to go down to church. Read Memoir of late Rev. Robert Anderson.

Friday, June 28, 1850.—Finished Memoir of the Rev. Robert Anderson. What a good man Anderson must have been. I am very much pleased with the book. Got soundings in twenty fathoms.

Sunday, June 30, 1850.—Taken in tow by the "Nemesis." Church on the main-deck. Arrived at Singapore about 7.50, but anchored very far out. . . . Rice is our new commander. . . . Poor old Luard is not promoted, I am sorry to hear.

Extracts.

H.M.S. "HASTINGS," SINGAPORE, *July 1, 1850.*

DEAREST PAPA,—We arrived here yesterday after a passage of six weeks, all but a day, from Hong-Kong. . . . On the passage down I have read Law's "Serious Call," and I liked it better than ever. . . . Our new commander is (who was lieutenant) Rice. What a shame it is poor Luard¹ is not promoted. He has been a lieutenant more than nine years, and I don't suppose there is a more hard working fellow in the service. I had rather see him promoted than any other twenty fellows put together. . . . Thank you very much for the pains you have taken to get the socks, sword, and cap. I am very obliged also to you for sending them overland. . . . The kind of ship I like best is one like the "Carysfort." Captain Austen has not yet said anything about it to me. I don't know whether he has received the letter or not (alluding to Sir T. Herbert's promised letter. See note to Lord Ellenborough, dated April 4, 1850). At least I like any vessel that is constantly moving,—not eight months in a harbour without starting the anchor. . . . I have shown that part of your letter, which relates to the Gorham case, to Onslow, and he is very much pleased with it. . . . I see Uncle Ellenborough has been flaring up about the piracy.—Your most affectionate son,

AUGUSTUS.

¹ Now an Admiral and C.B.

From Commander Hancock to Augustus Law.

HAMSEY RECTORY, NEAR LEWES, SUSSEX,

July 19, 1850.

MY DEAR JEMMY,*—Many thanks for your very welcome letter, which I received a few days after closing my last to Luard. I like your way of writing very much—I mean your taking up the course of events from the very time I left you. I hope you will always continue this in your letters, commencing one where you left off in the last. It is thus that distance is shortened and absence almost forgotten—or at least its worst feature is removed, namely, the probability of forgetting. I trust I shall ever feel a lively interest in you, and therefore you need never fear of tiring me by giving me even the most minute details, not only of your doings and sayings, but also of your thinkings. Thus we may continue to be of much use to each other, though half a world divides us. But to return to your letter. I fancied after you had got on board that you would go to take your farewell of my poor old cabin, and, when sitting in my own in the steamer I just pictured you as your letter describes you to have been, and I rejoiced in knowing that although you lost some comfort in the way of quiet reflection which can only be enjoyed when alone, still that you would not give up any of your daily habits on that account. I knew they were not only performed because you believed them necessary; but because they were really an enjoyment to you, a rich treat, and high privilege. It is only the nominal Christian that finds his duties irksome, and can be easily persuaded to give them up when they stand a little in the way of his pleasures. In fact, the latter believes his works are that with which he is purchasing his salvation, and therefore a good work left undone to-day is nothing really lost, but merely something not gained, but which may be made up for to-morrow, but the former looks upon his good works not as purchasing or deserving anything, but merely as a natural consequence of the

* Augustus's nickname on board "Carysfort" and "Hastings."

grace *given* (freely given) him by the Lord Jesus. Hence the latter is easily persuaded to abandon his prayers or his meditations, &c., because he considers these acts his own wherewith he is at liberty to trade and barter; but the former will in no wise consent to this, for he feels they are not his own but the fruit of a seed sown in him by his Master, and he not only dares not stop or stunt the growth of that fruit, but he values far too dearly his blessed privilege to suffer anything within his own control to deprive him of it. I am so sorry you never told me you were in the middle of the Bishop of Tasmania's book. I would have given you mine with the greatest pleasure. Indeed, I hardly know why I did not give it you, except it was given to me. However, I might have lent it you until your return home. If you have not received one before you get this, Luard has one which I am sure he will be delighted to lend you. I think you somewhat mistook my meaning about the Siege of Lichfield. I did not mean to condemn it. I merely spoke of it as I thought at the time, having just read it. On the whole I was disappointed with it, as I remembered you had often spoken so highly of it. . . . I have had two or three notes from your father, but unfortunately have never met him, he being always *in* town just when I am out. I have seen Captain Seymour several times, and he was much pleased at your all writing to him. He asked me a number of questions about you all, particularly about you and Pompo, whom you don't mention in your last. Tell him I have had the pleasure of seeing his father and mother and two sisters. I dined with them one day, and in the evening two more of his and your relations came in, but I do not remember their names. They quite inundated me with questions about Algernon and you, all of which I hope I answered satisfactorily. Nothing could surpass their kindness to me, and I quite regretted leaving London, as it prevented my becoming better acquainted. I found it easier to answer questions about my own little son, Jemmy, than those about Pompo, which, however, I did answer as I really believe truly, for, in spite of all his little weaknesses and

follies, I look upon him as a fine, honourable, kind-hearted young fellow, and I think he has the sweetest disposition of any one I know. I made no hesitation in telling his father what I thought his weak points, and I hope, my dear Jemmy, you will continue, whenever you have opportunity, to try and persuade him to give up the desire to be a *fast man*, and try to become that far more noble character, a *good man*. I think his mother idolises him, and so perhaps he has many excuses for his present wildness; but try to persuade him what a noble return he may make to her for all her love by becoming a good and sincere Christian. What a blessing to her declining years to know her son is walking in the path of life. Mind and remember me very kindly to him, also to Davidson, Caulfield (both these I have had particular inquiries about), Broadhead, and all those who care to be remembered by me. There are very few in the ship who have not my best wishes, and they will long be remembered by me. . . . I am now sitting almost as you used to see me in my cabin, dressed in my Chinese dressing-gown, time midnight, in my bed-room—table covered with many old acquaintances of yours: my Bible, Cumming's Lectures, Siege of Lichfield, my journal, &c. I am now going to bed; so God bless you, my dear little son. I wish I could shake hands as I used to do. . . . I must close this to-day, or shall be too late for the mail. I have tried to gain information concerning the Gorham case for my own instruction, and again since you wrote, but really I am unable to make it out clearly; indeed, you may understand it from the papers easier than by asking the generality of clergymen. The great difference in doctrine, I think, mainly stands upon the sacrament of baptism. He, Mr. G., believing that the mere ceremony of baptism is nothing, and that because a child has been baptized he is not necessarily made a new creature, but that regeneration is an after work, though more likely to be brought about in a baptized person than in another, inasmuch as the act of baptism is an act of obedience. This seems to me to be the principal splitting point, and if so, there can be no doubt but that

he reads the 27th Article in a different sense from that which is generally attached to it. Hence he certainly is a preacher of a *new* doctrine amongst us. There continue to be numerous secessions from our communion, and amongst them many eminent men, a brother of the Bishop of Oxford for one. It is indeed a trying time—a time when all Christians should carefully and prayerfully examine themselves, that they may really have a reason for the hope that is in them. It really seems to me that the time draws near when our faith as Protestants will be called into question by severe trials. Romanism is becoming rampant again in this land, which owes, I believe, all its glory and all its happiness to the purity of its creed. I believe we have been made the repository of the Word of God, and have not sufficiently valued the privilege, and it may possibly be removed from us, as the revelation was from the Jews, and given to a people more faithful than us. I firmly believe that if ever the Church and State of England are made two separate and distinct interests, so soon England will cease to be a leading nation of the world, and will be given over to all those evils from which we ourselves have hitherto been free, but which all other nations have suffered. I must now say, God bless you, my dear boy. May you ever have grace to walk in the path of everlasting life. I do not recommend your troubling your mind with controversies, but when doubts do arise, go down on your knees and place them before God, who will never leave His true servants in darkness, where light is *necessary*. As King Hezekiah spread out the letter of Rabshakeh before the Lord, so spread out your heart with all its doubts, and *He* will answer all your difficulties.

Kindest remembrances to all your messmates, and believe me ever to remain your affectionate friend and well-wisher,

G. HANCOCK.

Extracts from Diary.

Singapore, July 15, 1850.—Four horses, one cow, and one calf

were hoisted in, belonging to the admiral. The unfortunate cow slipped out of the slings, but fortunately in-board, and so was not hurt much. The main-deck now is a regular farm-yard.

July 16, 1850.—The admiral and his sister came on board. There are on board now, five horses, one cow, one calf, one bear, one rabbit, three or four sheep, lots of ducks, geese, and fowls, cockatoos, pigeons, &c. He has got a carriage on the poop, where the six-pounder used to be, and the latter is on the quarter-deck, amidships.

Wednesday, July 17, 1850.—The admiral appears to be an active old fellow, and is always knocking about. The admiral and captain attended prayers. . . . Cast off and made sail. I am now trying to improve my memory by learning by heart, and thinking that knowing some of the Psalms might be of infinite value to me, I learnt one of those for to-day, "Whoso dwelleth under the defence of the Most High," &c., &c. Thermometer in gun-room at 8 P.M., 85°.

Tuesday, July 23, 1850, Malacca.—Seeing a Roman Catholic church, we stopped and went in. It is certainly a very good church for this place. There were three recesses in the north of the building; the one nearest the west end contained images of St. Peter (with the keys) and St. Paul; the next recess contained an image (at full length), lying down, of our Most Blessed Saviour Jesus Christ, the holes in the hands and feet were made, and the blood running down, &c., &c. It made me quite shudder when I first looked at it. The next recess was the vestry, and there we saw the Latin prayer-books. I was looking for the Collect, Epistle, and Gospel for this week, and saw it was the same.

July 25, 1850.—Hoisted in the horses. About ten the admiral and suite arrived on board; got under weigh and made sail.

July 29, 1850, Malacca to Penang.—I have come across the "Trial of Warren Hastings" belonging to Haverfield, and am going to read it; I did not know that my grandfather was senior counsel in the case for Hastings, I pity that unfortunate man.

July 30, 1850, Penang.—Heneage and myself received a note (asking us to spend a few days at their house) from Mrs. Butterworth. We have got leave, and are going to-morrow evening.

August 1, 1850.—Breakfasted with the admiral.

Sunday, August 4, 1850.—Colonel Butterworth read prayers and one of Blunt's sermons on the history of Abraham. In the afternoon he did the same, and some boys and girls after the sermon repeated their collects for this, the tenth Sunday after Trinity. One of the boys said the Epistle, and very well. Most of the people on Penang Hill on Sundays meet at Colonel Butterworth's house, and he reads prayers and a sermon. It being very wet to-day very few attended.

Thursday, August 18, 1850.—I was very sorry to leave the Hill as Colonel and Mrs. Butterworth were very kind to us. I enjoyed the ride down very much. Found two boxes on board which have arrived for me. A Dolland's spy-glass in one, and a sword, cap, band and crown, and five dozen socks in the other. My kind father sent them out to me.

Penang, Sunday, August 25.—Church on the main-deck. . . . After church, Onslow, Haverfield, and myself went on shore to church, and just got in time for Mr. Maddoch's sermon. We all received the Holy Communion. Mr. Onslow assisted Mr. Maddoch. After church we went with Mr. Maddoch to his house, where we spent our Sunday very pleasantly and quietly till 6.15, when we went to the evening service. Mr. Onslow did the whole duty, for Mr. Maddoch has been very ill, and is still very weak.

Sunday, September 1, 1850, Penang and at sea.—At 7.40 "Hands weigh and make sail" was piped. Church in the fore-cabin at ten o'clock. In the afternoon I read a very beautiful sermon by Melville, "And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."

Thursday, 5th September.—Began reading "Discourses on Modern Astronomy, by Thomas Chalmers, D.D."

Monday, 16th September 1850, Singapore.—About 5.30 shortened sail, and came to with the B.B. in 11½ fathoms. Received

a letter from my dear father, dated June 1. He likes Boulogne very much.

Extracts.

SINGAPORE, "H.M.S. HASTINGS,"

17th September 1850.

DEAREST PAPA,—I am glad you have got another curate, as good and better than Mr. Pritt. I am VERY glad, dearest papa, you like the life you are leading so much, and are never in low spirits. How I should like to be at home for a short time with you, to go with you on your trips to and fro from Harborne to Boulogne. . . . Thank you very much for writing to old Hancock for all his kindness to me. Thank you also very much, dearest papa, for sending the books out. I look forward to getting them when I get up to Hong-Kong, which will be in about a fortnight or three weeks' time. We sail on the 19th. . . . A party of us went to see the big tree, which is 30 feet in circumference and about 90 feet without a branch. It is one of the few sights of Penang. The tree is in the midst of the jungle, and about nine miles from the town. All the scenery about Penang is very beautiful, and that is one reason why I like Penang pretty well. . . . I like Colonel and Mrs. Butterworth more every time I see them. . . . On the 30th, Colonel Butterworth made a formal call on the admiral and was saluted on his leaving the ship. 138 of the 59th have died this summer of the Hong-Kong fever. Poor fellows! Who would have thought that 138 of the fine fellows that passed under our stern from the "Apollo," cheering all the way going ashore, would have died. . . . I think I told you I lent my diaries to Mrs. Butterworth. She returned them yesterday. I dined with them yesterday. Colonel Butterworth arrived here about two days before we did. Give my VERY BEST love to DEAREST May, . . . Dindin (I suppose he is getting too big to be called that), also to the Newbolts, Uncle Henry Graves and Aunt Henny.—Your most affectionate and loving son,

AUGUSTUS.

Extracts from Diary.

September 16, 1850, Singapore.—Asked the secretary whether he thought there would be any objections to my going to the "Amazon." He said "No," and he would talk more about it when we left this place. There are two or three reasons that I should wish to join the "Amazon." First, I am getting very tired of being in a flag-ship, especially as there is a family which makes the ship very un-man-of-war like, and I dislike a line-of-battle ship. Secondly, my Uncle Ellenborough did not like my being in a line-of-battle ship (but at the same time very properly observed it was not a good thing to change ships). And also by this time I *was* to have been lent to a small craft, but Captain Austen either did not receive, or did not trouble himself about the letter requesting that I should be lent. Thirdly, the "Amazon" will have been four years in commission when I pass for a mate, and she will be most likely home before I pass, which will be very convenient. Fourthly, I might possibly now and then keep a day watch at sea as officer of the watch.

September 20, 1850.—Finished "Godfrey Davenant" for the third time. I like the book still as much as ever. Reading James's Naval History.

September 21.—Weighed and made sail. Wrote dimensions of "Mæander" and also of her spars in my Dodge Book.

September 28, 1850.—Skylarked in the evening at "fly the garter" and "leap frog."

Sunday, 29th September 1850.—Church on the main-deck. A very good sermon. Read to-day three sermons, one of Chalmers on "The Sin unto Death," one of Moberley's on "The Benefits of Communion," and one of Blunt's on "The woman of Samaria meeting Jesus at the well."

30th September 1850.—Breakfasted with the admiral.

October 10, 1850.—Land in sight. 5.30: We anchored in Hong-Kong harbour. Received two letters, one from dearest

May, and one from old Hancock, the former dated July 18th, the latter 19th. News!! Captain Trowbridge of the "Amazon" is no more. I am very sorry. The report is that Captain Barker is to have the "Amazon," and Luard the "Serpent." The "Serpent" is the only vessel here. The "Amazon" is at Whampoa.

October 11, 1850.—My parcel of books came off. Went to the secretary a second time about joining the "Amazon." He told me to wait till she came in. I am very much pleased with my books, and it is very kind of my dear father sending them out to me.

Monday, 21st October 1850.—My seventeenth birthday. Two years till I am a mate (*D. V.*) Yesterday Doctor Scott received a letter from Captain Barker saying he would be very happy to take me in his ship. The band played the usual tune for the 21st October.

Tuesday, 22d October 1850.—Began taking charge of the main-deck. May God give me grace to begin this eighteenth year of my existence, go through it, and end it, in His fear. May I constantly remember that God's all-seeing eyes is on me at all times. May I "keep my heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." May I "in all my ways acknowledge Him, for He shall direct my paths," and may the Holy Spirit's sacred fire burn everything contrary to Itself out of my impure heart; and may God of His infinite goodness and mercy forgive me all my sins, and give me true repentance for all my wicked and sinful deeds, through my blessed and merciful Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen. Amen.

23d October 1850.—Captain Rice, on being told of my wish to join the "Amazon" by Doctor Scott, told me this morning that on the whole I had better stay in the ship.

Extracts from Letter.

H.M.S. "HASTINGS," HONG-KONG,
October 24, 1850.

DEAREST PAPA,—First of all I must tell you that I have received those books that you sent out to me, and I like them exceedingly. I can never be too thankful to *you*, dearest papa, for your kindness to me, and to *God*, who is the giver of all good things, for giving me such a good and kind father. . . . I should like to see Henry Graves' pictures of you and Frank. I am very glad you received my presents, and glad that you like them. . . . What a lark Henry Law's and Graves' adventure must have been, I mean being left in the bathing machine. . . . I am sorry to hear of the death of poor Uncle Charles.* I am very glad Mrs. Law is so well provided for. You will be surprised at my not having joined a small craft. I don't suppose Captain Austen has received the letter yet. . . . On our passage up, we every evening used to play some game on the quarter-deck, and the ladies used to be on the poop, looking on, and used to be highly amused. . . . The admiral gave the "Amazon" to Captain Barker, and the "Serpent" to Lieutenant "*LUARD*;" so Luard is made a commander at last. Captain Montgomery will be very glad of this. I am very glad Luard is made, as he so well deserves it. He plays old Harry in his brig, as they at present are very slummy. . . . I have been thinking of joining the "Amazon" 26, but I am not certain of going there. . . . I have now got charge of the main-deck, and also of the "Launch." She mounts two 24-pounders when going on service, and pulls eighteen oars. It is rather a rise for me. We still like Captain Rice very well, and we also like the admiral and all his family, except . . . remarkably like a bear in temper. However, enough of mutiny. 25th October.—To-day I received the gun which you

* Honourable C. E. Law, M.P. for Cambridge University, and Recorder of London.

were kind enough to send out to me. I care so little about going ashore here, that I have been on shore on leave once since I have been here—fifteen days. . . . I look forward to seeing Sir H. Montgomery at Madras, if we go there, as they were so very kind. . . . Give my very best love to both Uncle Henrys if they are still living at Boulogne.— Believe me, dearest papa, your most affectionate son,

AUGUSTUS.

Extracts from Diary.

Wednesday, October 30, 1850.—A steamer arrived from Macao with the intelligence that a Spanish frigate, the “Santa Maria,” had blown up, half an hour after saluting, which she did at two o’clock yesterday. All hands to the amount of three or four hundred (except twelve or fourteen who were dreadfully mangled), have perished. How true the 14th and 15th verses of the 103d Psalm are: “As for man his days are as grass, as a flower of the field he flourisheth, for the wind passeth over it and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more.” Psalm xc. 12: “So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.” How awful to think of three hundred men hurried into eternity without even a *moment’s* warning! “What manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness?”

Sunday, November 3, 1850.—Church on the main-deck. Went on shore in the afternoon and went to church; Onslow read prayers, and Mr. Stedman preached.

November 4, 1850.—The “Contest” hove in sight. . . . She “came to” very well about one hundred yards to the north-west of us. Of all the brigs I have ever seen I think that to be perfection. How Luard must have envied Captain Spencer. Captain Spencer is a very young-looking man, but is thirty-six, and wears very long hair, which is nearly white. In the evening Lawson came on board. He likes the “Contest” very much. Collinson (the boatswain) also came on board. I was very glad

to see him, as he is a very civil fellow. He was Captain M. T. and B. M. in the "Carysfort."

Saturday, November 9, 1850.—Prince of Wales's ninth birthday. I well remember hearing the news of his birth at old Rooksbridge, when Frank and myself were living with the Simpsons in 1841, the winter before I went to school. What lots of things have happened since then. School days over, joined the Navy (nearly five years). My poor, dear, kind mother dead. My father changed his living, married again. Who could have guessed all this nine years ago? Who could possibly have known that these things would have happened but God? Yes, God has taken care of me, and has had mercy on me ever since, and yet I have not been thankful to Him for all His blessings; and, O most merciful God, have mercy upon me still, but make me more thankful. Bless the young prince, and enrich him with Thy choicest blessings both now and for ever. Hear me, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

November 11, 1850, Hong-Kong.—The mail hove in sight. . . . Received one letter from my dear father, dated September 18. . . . My father intends going over to Boulogne for a holiday on the 24th September. . . . All . . . were well, thank God. The principal public news: "Louis Philippe is dead."

November 13, 1850.—The "Amazon" hove in sight. . . She looks a most beautiful vessel.

November 14, 1850.—"Potts," a naval cadet of the "Amazon," will exchange with me, and I asked Captain Austen to allow me to join the "Amazon," and he said he would think of it.

November 16, 1850.—I don't know what I shall do if I don't join her. My heart is so set upon it. Old Telfer says that I shall have the run of his cabin, which will be a great thing, as I shall be able to read Bible, &c., in private. I *do* hope I shall be able to go.

Sunday, November 17, 1850.—Church on the main-deck. Mould, first lieutenant of the "Amazon," came on board and went over the ship. Digan introduced me to him. He seems to be

(and is considered) a jolly little fellow. He goes by the name of *Cocky Mould*.

November 18, 1850.—To-day the captain came on board and he told Hickley he would not let me go, so I went up to him and asked him myself, but it was no go. I certainly am regularly sold a dog, and never was sold a worse. In the evening I went on board the "*Amazon*" about a book I had lent Eade. Stayed on board three-quarters of an hour. I was in the gun-room most of the time. Every single thing that I saw confirmed me in my wish to join her (which has not been granted).

November 19, 1850.—Boarded the captain again to-day, and asked him whether at any rate I might join the "*Amazon*" when we next fell in with her. He said he would let me go as soon as he could.

November 20, 1850.—The "*Amazon*" sailed.

November 22, 1850.—Mess periodicals up for auction. I got three small volumes of *Punch* for 2s. 4d.

Extracts.

H.M.S. "*HASTINGS*," HONG-KONG,
November 26, 1850.

DEAREST FATHER,— . . . If you approve, dear papa, of my joining the "*Amazon*," you had better get me appointed from the Admiralty to her, which would ensure my joining in case Captain Austen should refuse me again at Singapore, as I intend asking him again there. . . . I hope you enjoyed your holiday at Boulogne, which you began on the 24th September. . . . The admiral gives a ball to-morrow night, but he has not asked me, which I am glad of.

Extracts from Diary.

H.M.S. "*HASTINGS*," HONG-KONG.

Friday, November 29, 1850.—Two or three days ago I was weighed on board the "*Minden*," and weighed 113 lbs.

Advent Sunday, December 1, 1850.—Church on the main-deck. Went on shore in the afternoon to church. Mr. Onslow preached. Both of his sermons to-day were on the Advent, very properly.

December 4, 1850.—My brother Graves's birthday.

December 6, 1850.—Dined with the admiral, with Pringle; came on board at 8.20.

December 7, 1850.—Reading "Burnet on the Reformation."

December 16, 1850.—A ball to be given in the evening by the ward-room officers, but I shall not go. The fact is, I don't figure off well in a ball-room, and I don't like being in irons (*alias* straps and gloves, neither of which by-the-bye I have got). I will leave it all to my worthy cousin.

N.B.—This entry illustrated with a sketch of "A. Heneage dressing for the ball."

Christmas Day, 1850.—About half of the mess went up to Victoria Peak at five o'clock, and had their breakfast there. . . . Mr. Onslow preached. . . . Christmas Day was passed the same as any other nautical Christmas Day, viz, in drunkenness and riot, and in the middle of it all, at 4.30, the admiral's joiner, an old man (William Hammond), died of fever. . . . Turned in at 9.30.

December 28, 1850.—Overhauling old letters. I intend putting them into a book, and after this always writing them in my diary as I receive them.

December 31, 1850.—After all, I was too lazy to wait till twelve to see the old year out and the new year in, as feeling rather sleepy I turned in at eleven o'clock.

New Year's Day, 1851, Circumcision, 1st Day of January, Wednesday, Hong-Kong.—The admiral's ball went off pretty well last night, I believe. I am reading the Bishop of Tasmania's Lectures on the Church Catechism; I have begun it twice before, but never got further than the eighth Lecture, as the first time Hancock went away taking the book with him, and the second time I lent it to Pike.

Thursday, January 2, 1851.—Went to church in the evening with Roberts, Haverfield, and Pike.

Sunday, January 5, 1851.—To-day the bishop came on board to preach, and the admiral, family, and Captain Shadwell also came on board to hear him. It was a very good sermon, but, in my opinion, he should have left alone nautical matters, as what he said in that way was only laughed at. The men were very attentive. Went on shore to church in the afternoon. The bishop preached (*N.B.*, the words of the text are quoted). He exhorted us all to prepare for death more, and spoke of the confirmation he was about to hold.

January 9, 1851.—Dear Franky's birthday.

Sunday, January 19, 1851.—Church on main-deck, but no sermon, as Onslow is going to take his candidates for confirmation to be confirmed. At three, the Floating Church was consecrated by the bishop. I intended to go, but having omitted to put my name down in the Leave Book, I could not.

Saturday, January 25, 1851.—Sailed from Hong-Kong. We have just been three months and a half at anchor.

Monday, February 3, 1851, Singapore.—Anchored about eight o'clock, and burnt a blue light, which was answered by the "Amazon" and "Lily."

February 4, 1851.—Dined with the admiral.

February 6, 1851.—The captain told me I should go to the "Amazon," so it is all right now.

February 7, 1851, Singapore.—Left the old "Hastings", and joined the "Amazon."

Sunday, February 9, 1851.—About seven o'clock, the "Hastings" made signal to "weigh," which we did accordingly. The "Hastings," "Lily," "Sphinx," "Nemesis," in company. We quickly shot past the "Hastings." I could easily distinguish some of the fellows,—Stupart, Brehant, Davidson, and a few others. Church in the morning. Mr. Waldron preached.

Friday, February 14, 1851.—Eight o'clock P.M., anchored in nine fathoms and veered to forty fathoms.

Extracts.

H.M.S. "AMAZON," PENANG,

February 23, 1851.

DEAREST FATHER,—Here I am, you see, in the "Amazon" at last. . . . I like the ship very much indeed. I like the captain also very well; his name is Barker. . . . First lieutenant, Mould, is really a very good fellow, and is a very smart officer and seaman. He has been twenty-two years in the service. . . . I hope he will soon get promoted. He certainly works for it. The "Amazon" is a very fine vessel, and sails very well. We sail to-morrow for Acheen. . . .

Extracts from Diary.

Thursday, February 27, 1851.—The captain sent for Nurse and myself, and told us we might keep officer's day watch in fine weather, so I relieved Craigie, and kept officer's watch at sea for the first time.

March 10, 1851.—Dined with the captain.

March 12, 1851.—I take sights for chronometer every day now, and it is a great pleasure.

April 2, 1851, Singapore.—Got a note from Mrs. Butterworth blowing me up for not having called upon them before, which I certainly deserve.

From Commander Hancock to the Hon. and Rev. W. T. Law.

BRIGHTON, April 1, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—Like most sailors, accustomed to constant change of scene, I am always changing my quarters, and consequently your note of the 28th only overtook me this morning, or I should have given you an earlier reply. I have also received a letter from your son containing the same information yours

conveys. . . . I know very little of the "Amazon," having only seen her once during the time Trowbridge commanded her; however, from that little I should say she was in very fair order. Her present captain is a very gentlemanly person, and I believe a good officer. Her first lieutenant is an excellent officer and full of zeal. I don't think there is any naval instructor, but this I think of little consequence, for Augustus is so thoroughly grounded in all necessary for his examination, that he can well afford to turn his attention entirely to practical seamanship for the remainder of his time. In this last respect I consider him far beyond most boys of his age, but still it is a wide field and one in which experience alone can give certain success, and I think that opportunities for such practical lessons are more likely to offer in a small ship than in the "Hastings," and for this reason, and for this alone, I think he has not done wrong in exchanging. On the other hand, he leaves a ship where an excellent spirit exists among the officers, and where his character was well known, and thoroughly appreciated. I have no doubt that a like result will attend him wherever he goes, and I feel sure you need give way to no uneasiness on his account. Few fathers, I think, have better reason to feel thankful. I think I have never met a boy with so decided and well formed a character, or one in which I would place more reliance. I hope you will hear from him by next mail, and find that he is happy and comfortable in his new ship. I propose writing to him by next mail, as he is anxious to know if I expect a ship, but at present I see little prospect of it, though I have been applying. It is hard when once on half-pay to get afloat again. I have no doubt that great changes have taken place on board the "Hastings" since I left, and doubtless this has led Augustus to wish to leave her. It is always disagreeable to persons who have grown accustomed to one certain system to be required to fall into a new one, which is generally the case when the senior officers of a ship are changed. All the disagreeables fall to the lot of the subordinates. I am sorry I cannot give you more detailed particulars

of the "Amazon," but should I be able to find out more you shall hear from me again. I am far too much interested in everything concerning your son to require any apology for your letters, and I shall only be too happy to be of any service to him or you whenever I can do either.—Yours very truly, G. HANCOCK.

40 CHARING CROSS, LONDON.

Extracts.

H.M.S. "AMAZON," SINGAPORE ROADS,
April 6, 1851.

DEAREST FATHER,—The last time I wrote to you was at Penang. . . . Since that we have been to Acheen, two hours at Malacca, and here again. I like this ship very much indeed, and the captain and first lieutenant, especially the latter, who is as good a fellow as ever I came across. . . . The country about the northern part of Sumatra is very beautiful. . . . There are some beautiful green plains, looking like a lot of fine parks. . . . Chuiapo, the celebrated pirate, hung himself rather than be transported. . . . The Butterworths have been as kind as usual. . . . I have received no letters since I was up at Hong-Kong, so I have got three mails due.

Extracts from Diary.

Wednesday, April 30, 1851.—We are now close to Singapore, on our return from the cruise. . . . We observed a steamer right ahead, and made it out to be the "Salamander," on her way to China, so we "hove to" and sent all our condemned stores on board her, and, understanding that Lambert was on board her, I took a passage in one of the cutters to go and see him. I was very glad to see him. I saw him last when he was a mate in the "Collingwood." . . . He came out in the "Fox," but the first lieutenant of the "Salamander" wishing to exchange, he exchanged, although the admiral wished him to join his ship. He

says the "Salamander" is in an awful state, and that he has had to commence everything over again. . . . I was just coming away in the boat I came in, when I found that old Stupart was on board, so I stayed on board and went away in the other cutter. . . . Had a jolly yarn with him all about the old "Hastings," and he told me she was getting worse and worse in everything, and that the admiral was very shaky in health, as well as all his family. Captain and Mrs. Austen, and one of the Miss Austens, had been left behind at Madras! and the "Hastings" was to go and call for them again. The idea of a captain leaving his ship in that manner. . . . The poor old "Hastings" is getting so uncomfortable, I think I just got out in time. Lambert told me he has seen all the old "Caryforts," and all were very well except Broadhead. About 2.30 I went away again, very sorry to go, as I could have stayed three or four hours talking with Lambert and old Stupart. At three we filled and made sail, and the "Salamander" went on her way to China.

Extracts.

H.M.S. "AMAZON," SINGAPORE,
May 2, 1851.

DEAREST FATHER,—Here we are again, after a week's cruise round an island called Pulo Tingi. . . . By the bye, dearest papa, it is very lucky you sent me out a new sword the other day, as I lost my old one overboard on the 19th, the sword slipping out of the scabbard. The poor old sword had done its duty, I had it one year, and Wainright nine, when he gave it me. . . . I look forward, dearest papa, when, with God's will, we all meet again. May God make us all more thankful for the many mercies He has showered down upon us, His undeserving servants, and me in particular. I am very well and happy, thank God. . . . I like Mr. Mould, the first lieutenant, more every day. He is a practical Christian in every sense of the word. . . . My very

best love to dearest May, . . . Fat Farmer, and the other good little chickens, and believe me to be, dearest father, your most affectionate son,

AUGUSTUS.

This time, three years ago, I was very jolly at home. May I be the same in this time one year (*D.V.*) Good-bye, dearest father.

By the bye, Luard will be down here in a month and a half's time to join the "Commodore." I shall be very glad to see him. Rumour says he is too smart for his two lieutenants. Ha! ha!

Extracts from Diary.

May 2, 1851.—*Copy of Letters of December 10 and 21, 1850.*

From my Father.

SOMERTON, December 10.

MY DEAREST AUGUSTUS,—This will be one of the shortest letters I have written to you, but as I am on my way to Boulogne, I think it better not to run the risk of putting a letter in *there*, as I know not how the French post gets to China, but I have very little time to write, and a very bad pen, with the *back* of which I am obliged to write. . . . I arrived here about an hour ago at 11 A.M. Just had breakfast. After a Church Union meeting last night in Birmingham, I went to bed at the Railway Hotel for three hours, and then came on here by rail. Newbolt is going to drive me over to the Colstons, and take Fred to say good-bye. They have been very kind to him. After dinner, Fred and I start for Bridgewater, then up to London by mail train, arrive at 4.15 A.M., and go on board steamer at London Bridge for Boulogne at 6 A.M. I have been working very hard in my parish, and am in need of a good holiday. I hope to stay till 9th January. . . . I have given them ample directions for coming over. The latter I desired to *strap* himself to his kit, that by way of a change he may *this once* not arrive without clothes. . . . Newbolt has just told me capital news he heard to-day from Bobby. Frank has got the mathematical prize,

and is moved up to the first academy, going up at the head of the batch. Hurrah! I am very well, though I have been so hard at work.

Extracts.

From my Father.

BOULOGNE, December 21, 1850.

I have heard nothing about Sir T. Herbert's letter to your captain about lending you to a small ship. A Radical Birmingham paper, attacking me for my sermon, called me "an arrogant parson," "a Papist in disguise."

From Frank. Do. date.

Here I am at Boulogne. I left Woolwich on Wednesday after having received my prize, which is a prismatic compass. I suppose you know all about it. It is a very swell thing. . . . I am now in the first academy, and hope to get my commission in a year and a half.

May 3, 1851.—Reading "History of the Reformation" and "Peninsular War." I believe we sail for Malacca next week, which I am glad of. I like to be constantly on the move.

Wednesday, June 4, 1851.—Mail arrived from England. I got three letters. Two from my dearest father.

Copy Extracts.

HARBORNE, GOOD FRIDAY,
April 18, 1851.

My only misgiving about your exchange into the "Amazon" was from my doubt what the *Peer* would say to it, but I am rejoiced to say he writes, "I daresay Augustus has decided for the best. I do not wonder he is tired of a flag ship. I hope he will not be in one again till he commands it." I shall be very glad of my holidays. I have been here since March 1st, with the

exception of one night at Leeds, where I went to see Dr. Pusey. We have had sermons every night during this week. My health is certainly much better than it used to be. Lent diet (no meat or wine except on Sundays) has cured me of neuralgia. You will be glad to hear Noon has been appointed headmaster of a grammar school at Swansea.

Wednesday, July 2, 1851.—I received two letters, one dated March 18th (forwarded from the "Hastings"), and one dated May 18th.

Copy of May 18th Letter.

Extracts.

BOULOGNE.

MY DEAREST AUGUSTUS,—The controversies which have taken place, and are still going on in England on religious subjects (I may as well frankly tell you), have very much shaken my confidence in the English Church, and in obedience to the wishes of dearest Matilda (who is all kindness to me in the matter), I am going to see the Bishop of Oxford.¹ When I began this letter I did not intend alluding to the subject, but have thought it right to give you early intimation of my anxiety of mind. "Manning," late archdeacon, having left us to join the Catholic Church, has had a great effect on my mind. So saintly a man cannot, in my opinion, have been led otherwise than by the Spirit of God to the step he has taken. My eldest brother has been told, or will be told to-morrow, of my doubts and difficulties. Of course in my present state of mind it would be gross and awful hypocrisy in me to return to officiate as a minister of the English Church. Though what I believe to be the *True Light* has apparently, perhaps, somewhat suddenly *burst* upon me, I can now plainly see that, unknown to myself, the work has been gradually going on within me since your sainted mother's departure, perhaps even before that. I can now see God's hand in everything that has happened, in my resigning East Brent and going to Harborne,

¹ Ultimately had interview instead with Dr. Pusey.

in my becoming President of Church Union, &c. My sermon, which I sent you, against "Papal Aggression," as it is called in England by the Protestants, you may think inconsistent with my present feelings, and so it *must* be considered, I own, but I wrote that sermon very hastily, and *tried* to believe that the view of the subject taken by all high church persons was the true one. Do not allow yourself, my dear boy, to be distressed on my account, for though I full well feel that it is "through much tribulation we must enter into the Kingdom of God," yet I even now possess, thank God, in a great degree, a foretaste of that *perfect peace* which passeth understanding. I now only ask you to be more than ever "instant in prayer" to God to guide yourself and me and all we love into all truth. I will (*D.V.*) send you a book as soon as I can, which I should wish you to read. All your brothers and sisters are, thank God, very well. Dearest Wizzy (who long ago, you know, became a Catholic) of course very much sympathizes with me at the present moment. God's mercy and grace has done much for her.—Ever, my very dearest son, your most affectionate father,

W. T. LAW.

Of course, as any one would suppose, I was rather astonished when I received this letter. All that I can say is, that I hope he will be guided by God to THE TRUTH. I am very anxious for my next letter.

Extracts.

H.M.S. "AMAZON," SINGAPORE,
July 2, 1851.

DEAREST FATHER,—And now, dearest papa, I will answer your dear kind letter of May 18th, which I received yesterday. I am so glad you liked the Exhibition so much. I should (as you said I would) have liked very much to see the model ships, &c. . . . Concerning your change of religion, I hardly know whether I ought to say anything or nothing, and so I think I will only say that I hope, with all my heart, dearest father, God will direct you to the truth. I am very anxious to get my next letter to hear the result

of your conference with the bishop. . . . I will try to be what you wished me to be in your letter, continuing instant in prayer to God to guide us all to the truth, and may I serve God better than I have of late. . . . Dear May seems to be as if sent down from Heaven in the place of my dear mother. Give my very best love (and thanks for all her loving kindness to you) to dearest May, to . . . and the other dear babies.—Believe me to be, your most affectionate and dutiful son,

AUGUSTUS H. LAW.

Thursday, 10th July 1851.—We arrived here in Sarawak the 8th, after a passage of four and a half days from Singapore.

Sunday, 13th July 1851.—Mr. Mould read prayers to-day. Reading in the afternoon "History of the Popes," and afterwards Bunyan's "Holy War." . . . In the former I read about the Founder of the Order of the Jesuits; Ignatius Loyola was wounded at the defence of Pampeluna. He then commenced his labours.

July 23, 1851, Singapore.—Anchored last night. We have just been a week from Sarawak.

29th July 1851.—I long for news about my dear father. I hope God, and He only, will direct him. I am now reading Manning's sermons again. I received a letter from Haverfield. He says the gun-room mess is turned upside down, and is glad for my sake I have left. The "Hastings" is to sail in August for the Straits and Chusan.

Copy of June 17th Letter from my dear Father.

15 WATERLOO PLACE.

MY DEAREST AUGUSTUS,—My last letter was written to you from Boulogne, and told you of my most serious doubts respecting the authority of the Church of England, those doubts having been strongly confirmed by Mr. Manning (formerly archdeacon) joining the Catholic Church. Matilda and I came to London the day I last wrote to you. In London I saw Edward (Ellen-

borough), who was all kindness to me on the subject, although not of my opinion. I also saw the Bishop of Lichfield, and at his request went to Oxford to see Dr. Pusey. The result of all is, that I have promised to take six months before I take any decided step. The bishop gives me six months' leave, during which time I shall be at Boulogne. When Matilda returned to Boulogne (after being with me about a fortnight in London and H. Court), I went to get set up at Malvern for ten days. Last Friday, 13th, I went to see Anne Colville at Ryde, and met there the Dallas's. I returned yesterday (my forty-second birthday). . . . I forgot to say that I saw Mr. Manning the other day. I send you two pamphlets, one by Mr. Wiberforce, and another by Mr. Newman. I will write more fully next mail. All are very well, thank God. My own most firm conviction I believe to be exactly similar to Mr. Wilberforce's, and so I, of course, never contemplate returning to duty as a clergyman of a Church which I look upon as *schismatical*. I must leave my temporal affairs to the merciful Providence of God, but I feel assured among Catholic families I shall ultimately find friends who will find me some honest occupation, by which I may earn money for my family. If not, I have food and raiment for them all, and, by God's grace, will be therewith content. God bless you, my dearest Augustus, &c., &c.

Commenced my letter to my father this evening.

Extracts.

H.M.S. "AMAZON," SINGAPORE,
July 31, 1851.

DEAREST FATHER,—I received your dear kind letter of the 17th June to-day. I have read nearly all of Mr. Wilberforce's pamphlet already. I am very glad, dearest papa, that you have decided upon delaying for six months,—as of course you will have plenty of time to think about it. I hope, dearest papa, you will be able to get some occupation, as from what you say, it seems you do

not intend ever again returning to duty at Harborne, and also, I suppose, you will ultimately join the Roman Catholic faith. Do not think at all of me (I mean concerning my outfit when I get home *D.V.*) as far as regards money affairs, as I will save up enough for what I shall want. I have now more than £50 clear, and I hope by the time I get home to have saved £20 more. And, dearest papa, as any unnecessary expense, however small, ought to be avoided, as far as I am concerned, I do not care about the "Illustrated London News" being sent out. In fact, the captain is always kind enough to lend it to us, and all his other papers. I am now very anxious, more than ever, to see you and all dear to me,—May, and all my dear brothers and sisters. I hope God will grant us all a happy meeting in less than a year.

August 1.—I have now finished reading both those pamphlets. I look forward very much to your next letter, in which you say you will write more fully, as I wish to know all your reasons, dearest father. And now, dearest papa, I will tell you what is, and what has been, going on here. I think, I told you of the loss of the "Reynard." . . . Give my VERY BEST love to dearest May, . . . and kiss the two other dear babies for me. Tell them all how HAPPY, HAPPY I shall be to see all their dear faces again soon. Please our gracious and kind God to grant it. Kiss them all for me, dearest father, and give my best love to all my uncles and aunts, the Noons, and Newbolts.—Believe me to be your most affectionate and dutiful (I hope) son,

AUGUSTUS.

May God bless and preserve you, and guide us all to THE truth through Jesus Christ. Best love again to ALL.

Extracts from Diary.

SINGAPORE, *August 1, 1851.*

O God, direct my dear father to the Truth, for Jesus Christ's sake, and grant that I may be much more constant in prayer and

in reading Thy precious Word, and grant that I may form my life by it. Oh hear me, through my dear Saviour.

August 6, 1851.—On the 4th the “Sphynx” arrived from Trincomalee. . . . By her I got a letter from Beamish. He told me that he and Wright had both passed for mates, all right. . . . He very kindly sent me a midshipman’s tail-coat. It fits me very well, and I have given my other to Lake. Last evening I dined with the captain.

Sunday, August 10, 1851.—Mr. Waldron preached a very good sermon on the rich man and Lazarus. Weighed this morning and sailed for Penang.

August 31, 1851, Penang.—The “Hastings” anchored about two cables’ length from us.

Extracts.

H.M.S. “AMAZON,” PENANG HARBOUR,
September 4, 1851.

DEAREST FATHER,—Here we are, as you see, having come here on account of a court-martial on Captain Cracroft and the officers of the “Reynard,” to try them for her loss. . . . I am glad to say that Captain Cracroft and the master got off by being admonished to be more careful for the future. . . . When they struck they were, by their reckoning, thirty miles off the shoal. What went most against them was, not having the lead going, . . . although if they had had the lead going it is every one’s opinion she would not have been saved, as the shoal is very steep and abrupt, but going on shore with the lead going is what is called going on shore according to the Acts of Parliament. I have been to the court-martial both days, and am very glad I went, as now I have got an idea what a court-martial is like. I have never been to one before, as I never had a chance. . . . I have seen Heneage, as also Onslow, and all the old “Carysforts.” . . . I go on board the “Hastings” very often, as I like seeing

old faces. . . . Luard looks very well. Very different from what he was when I saw him last at Singapore. He is as good a fellow as ever. . . . How old poor Lion must be getting, if indeed he still lives. . . . Lieutenant Mould is as kind as ever. Give my love to Captain Hancock if you see or write to him by any chance. God grant us all a happy meeting soon. Oh how I wish we were off now! However, if God kindly grants it it will all come in good time. Good-bye, dearest father.—Your most affectionate son,
 AUGUSTUS.

May God bless you and all.

Extracts from Diary.

SINGAPORE, Thursday, September 25, 1851.

This evening—and oh! that I did it oftener—I read the Evening Lessons, viz., the 1st of Malachi, and the 10th of 1st Corinthians. In the first, God reproves the Jews for their indevotion to Him, and upbraids them in these emphatic terms, “Offer now unto thy Governor, will he be pleased with thee, or accept thy person? saith the Lord of Hosts.” Let me consider, am I better than those very Jews? Cannot I apply these words to myself? Do I honour God as I should honour a father. I am sure I cannot answer satisfactorily to these questions. Let me watch and pray. In the Second Lesson is that good assurance that there is not a temptation, but with it God has given us a way of escape, that we may be able to bear it. The “Hastings” and “Sphynx” arrived on Saturday. On Sunday I went on shore to church with that good Christian Haverfield. Mr. Mole preached from the Revelations, “I saw the dead, small and great,” &c. And a very good sermon it was, and I must say it put me in quite a fright. I am glad it did.

September 30, 1851, Singapore.—Five days again since I have written, but then I have been on shore staying with the governor most of the time. . . . Saturday, 27th, made for the shore, having

leave till Monday. After Mrs. Butterworth had read prayers we had breakfast, and then visited the bear, a young one, standing (on his hind legs) about two feet ten inches, I should say, and a very *small* timid little monkey called Beeshon. It is of the long-armed ape species.

Sunday, September 28, 1851.—We all went to church in the forenoon, and stayed to the Holy Sacrament. Returned and had tiffin. Read "Memoirs of Hannah More" in the afternoon, and had a short sleep, both of which I liked very much.

September 30, 1851.—In the evening I received a letter from my dear father, Twit, and Graves, dated July 29, '51.

October 1.—To-day I sent Diaries of 1848, —9, —50, to Miss Butterworth at her request. She is to leave them here if she starts before we arrive again at this place. I see in the papers, which I am very glad of, that Hancock is appointed Commander of the "Waterloo," 120.

Thursday, October 2, 1851.—Copy of Letters from Father.

Extracts.

NO. 11 RUE DU Puits d'AMOUR,
BOULOGNE SUR MER, July 29.

You will not be surprised to learn that my opinions in regard to the Catholic Church have been in no degree changed, except, indeed, that I am every day more convinced that England was guilty of schism at the time of the so-called Reformation. Still I delay the resignation of my living, and my reception into the Catholic Church, till I have read all the books Dr. Pusey recommended to me. With the boys at home, I have not much time for reading, but my heart yearns for the moment when I may avow myself openly a Catholic. I have spoken to Frank and Graves on the subject, and have told Graves that as he has been confirmed in the English Church, and, moreover, is old enough to judge for himself, I shall not remove him from Win-

chester. If in the course of time he regards the whole subject in the light I now do, then the sacrifice he will make of worldly goods for the sake of God's truth will be his *own*. Of course, my own loss of income will be great, but though great, thank God, there will be left to me sufficient through His mercy for the provision of all necessities for myself and children. . . . Of my present payments, Frank's *awful* expense at Woolwich will close in about a year and a half. . . . My plans are not yet decided, but it is most probable that I shall continue to live at Boulogne. . . . At present I see no reason to hope that — will become a Catholic when I do, but I must leave the matter in God's hands. Many, many of the most learned and most holy of the English clergy who have become Catholics, once like — spoke very decidedly of *never* becoming Catholics, but God's grace was more powerful than their resolutions. I think of Newman, Dodsworth, Wilberforce, Allies, Manning, &c., and I shall ever live in hope that all I love may become one in faith (St. John xvii. 20, 21, &c.) I have not yet heard that the "Amazon" has been ordered home, but I shall write to one of the clerks at the Admiralty to inquire. How I shall rejoice when the hour arrives for our meeting again (*D.V.*).

Extracts.

Copy of a Letter from Twit.

DEAREST AUGUSTUS,—What a long time it is since I wrote to you! You must think I have quite forgotten you. Thank you very much for the pretty needlecase you sent me last summer. The chess you sent papa is very pretty. Papa has sometimes played with them. How you would laugh if you were to see me now, for, when I was ill, I had all my hair cut off, and then I had it shaved. It has begun to grow like the little baby's Agnes. . . . Good-bye, dearest Augustus.—Yours very affectionately,

TWITTY.

Extracts.

H.M.S. "AMAZON," SINGAPORE ROADS,
October 1, 1851.

DEAREST FATHER,—We sail to-morrow at daylight for a place about thirty miles from Acheen, this side of it. We go there to obtain redress from the Rajah for having imprisoned an English captain, and will not release him till he has paid a heavy ransom. I suppose if the Rajah does not deliver him up, we shall knock his house about his ears. We are very likely to be a month away, so in case, dearest father, you do not receive a letter by the next mail, you will be able to account for it. . . . What a capital long walk that must have been, forty-seven miles in two days, to Calais and back again. I really did not think old Graves was such a walker. How I should have liked to have been of the party. . . . I have been living with Colonel Butterworth for three days. He was very kind. He has got his sister now here. She has been out about six months, and is a very nice old creature. . . . May God grant us all a happy meeting soon. I am very well in health and enjoyed myself very much when staying on shore at the governor's. . . . Dearest father, may God bless and direct you, and believe me to be your MOST affectionate son,

AUGUSTUS.

Extracts from Diary.

OFF SAWANG, October 18, 1851.

Yesterday, about four, the Embassy came down. The Rajah had consented to pay the required amount, and all was settled amicably. We arrived on board about five o'clock, and all dined with the captain. Conversation on the "Embassy." The Rajah came on board to-day at one o'clock, made payment, went round the ship. We had a guard to receive him, and saluted him on leaving the ship. He (before he arrived on board) sent two bullocks and one hundred and fifty cocoa-nuts as a present to us.

Sunday, October 19, 1851.—Had some of the Rajah's bullock for dinner. I was particularly glad of it, as there was a smaller amount of growling than usual, except from one G. T., who always makes a point of having a good growl before he eats his dinner. . . . Read some of "Christian Year," and of "Godfrey Davenant."

From the Earl of Ellenborough, to his Niece, Miss Matilda Law. (N.B.—Alias "Twit" in Augustus's Letters.)

THE LADY COLVILLE'S, RYDE, ISLE OF WIGHT,
SOUTHAM, November 21, 1851.

MY DEAR MATILDA,—I was much pleased at receiving so nicely written a letter from you. I shall certainly see you when you come to London, and I shall be very glad to do so. I called twice at Henry's to see Helen, and, unfortunately, she was not at home. I look forward with much pleasure to the return of Augustus. He has hardly left India yet, and cannot be expected before the middle of February. Soon after he comes back he will go to the "Excellent," the gunnery-ship, at Portsmouth, and be under the care of Captain Chads, who took me to India. I do not see why Augustus should not do as well as William Peel did, and be recommended at once for a lieutenancy. Whatever has been done, may be done. Of this at least all officers should be convinced, and even think that *more* may be done than ever has been done, and so try to excel. It is this persuasion that makes great men, and I hope Augustus may become a great man—a good one we know he will.—Yours very affectionately,

ELLENBOROUGH.

Extracts from Diary.

November 4, 1851.—About 2.30 A.M. awoke by accident and found a letter ready for me, of which more hereafter.

November 9, 1851.—Copy of September 2 Letter (from his father).

BOULOGNE.

MY DEAREST AUGUSTUS,—I received nearly a week ago your letter in reply to that which I wrote to you on May 16th. Since I last wrote to you a month ago I have been staying quietly here, and reading the books Dr. Pusey recommended to me. I have now finished them all, and am more than ever convinced that *no* Protestant body can clear itself from the charge of schism. I am very happy at the prospect before me. Worldly anxieties I cannot expect to be free from, but they are *nothing* when one can rely upon all the promises of our merciful Heavenly Father to His *one* universal Church, and by union to that *one* Church feel that one is a partaker of those promises. Dearest Matilda and I propose to go to England on the 8th. I hope to meet Mr. Manning in London. Matilda will go to Harborne to settle matters of business. We shall in all probability remain here (after our return) till May next at least, as we have this house till then. . . . Isabella Graves has been passing a week or ten days "in retreat" at a convent at Namur. She returns tomorrow, I believe. . . . All the children and May are very well indeed, I am thankful to say. Best love from all, God bless you, &c., &c.

November 11, 1851.—Upon examination by the carpenter the rudder-head was found to be sprung in two places. . . . It is a good thing that this rudder-head was found sprung so soon, as its being found out in a gale would have been inconvenient—slightly so.

Principal conversation for the rest of the day, "Rudder!"

November 23, 1851.—Anchored at Singapore.

24th November.—Unshipped the rudder, and then towed it on shore. I believe we shall have to have a new rudder, at least the carpenter says so, and he says it will take us three weeks.

December 4, 1851.—My dear brother Graves's birthday. He is fifteen years old. . . . He is the one who when he bid his

last adieu to my dear mother was told to remember the text, "Thou God seest me."

December 5, 1851.—Received a letter from my dear father, dated 23d and 25th September. My father was received as a member of the Roman Catholic Church on September 19th.

December 6, 1851.—Wrote a letter to my dear father [which letter concludes thus:—"I have read some of that Catechism already that you sent me. I am very glad, dearest father, that you are so happy. May God bless you for ever and ever. If ever a son ought to be grateful to a dear father for his kindness and trouble about him it is me. Give my very best love to—Your most affectionate son, AUGUSTUS."] In the afternoon I received two books and two pamphlets from my father. *Books:* 1. The "Life of the Blessed Virgin," by M. L'Abbé Orsini. 2. "Lectures on the Catholic Church," by the Right Rev. Dr. Wiseman. *Pamphlets:* 1. "Controversial Catechism, or, Protestantism Refuted," by the Reverend Stephen Keenan. 2. The "See of St. Peter," by Thomas William Allies, M.A. Commenced reading the first pamphlet at once. About six, on board came the happy, joyful news that we are not to go to China, but are going to stay here till we get an answer from the admiral concerning our future movements. Probably, and I hope so with all my heart, we shall get order to leave this direct for England. Thank God for protecting us thus far. May He grant us a happy meeting in May, June, or July. Happy will the day be for me when we weigh for dear old England. Happier still the day when we arrive. Thrice happier still the day when (*D.V.*) I see my dear father, May, and my brothers and sisters.

December 7, 1851, Second Sunday in Advent.—Reading the "Controversial Catechism" a good part of the day.

December 8, 1851.—Court of Enquiry, consequently no school, so I employed myself reading "Lectures on the Catholic Church." In the evening I asked Grant (Q.-M.), a Roman Catholic, whether he was allowed to read the Bible; he said certainly. I also asked him different things, and from what he said it appears to

me that the Roman Catholic Church is not so black as it is painted.

December 10, 1851.—Went on shore in the afternoon. Had a look at the Roman Catholic Church, and was pleased with it. Two boxes at the western entrance with "Remember the Poor" on one, and "Remember the Church" on the other. Confessional in the eastern end of the northern aisle.

December 12, 1851.—I have been reading Cardinal Wiseman's lectures since I received the book, and like them much.

Sunday, December 14, 1851.—Reading Cardinal Wiseman's lectures most of the day on the Holy Eucharist. I feel almost convinced that the real presence of our most Blessed Saviour's Body and Blood is the true doctrine. Certainly I am, as well as my dear father, amazed at the irresistible arguments he brings forward. I found, in reading the book, my prejudices a great deal in the way of impartiality. Finished the lectures at the close of the day. May God of His great goodness give me grace to see the true Church.

December 15, 1851.—Commenced the "See of St. Peter," by T. W. Allies, and I like it very well, as far as I have gone.

December 16, 1851.—Reading the "Life of the Blessed Virgin" part of the day. It is a beautifully written book, and gives a good idea of Jewish customs.

December 17, 1851.—Reading the "Life of the Blessed Virgin" part of the day, and "The English Churchman," by Gresley. I feel quite in a state of doubt about the two Churches, and wish I could get some one to talk about it to. Without saying anything against Mr. Waldron,* still I don't fancy he would be the person, as when I told him what books I had received, and mentioned the "History of the Blessed Virgin," he burst into a fit of laughter. What could I expect from that? Would he go step by step with me in investigating the truth? I have now read the books sent to me by my father, with the exception of part of the "Life of the Blessed Virgin," and some of the middle of the

* Chaplain and Naval Instructor of the "Amazon."

"See of St. Peter," which I did not read (as I was quite convinced on that point. I suppose he has got at least one hundred quotations in that book proving the supremacy of the See of St. Peter), and I can get no books of the same kind *for* the Protestant religion. The main things I want to find the truth of are, *Purgatory* and the *Invocation of Saints*. Oh! can the Church who can prove the succession of popes from St. Peter (no one doubts it), can that Church be the wrong one? Did not Christ say He would be with the Church all days? Certainly great abuses had crept into the Church about the time of Luther. Are they there now? These thoughts are constantly recurring in my mind again and again. And there is one thing, it may be wrong to think it, because all men are liable to error, but my dear father, having gone over to that Church, I can't imagine that he would have left the Anglican Church for that one, if there was anything wrong in that Church. He brought me up certainly in the Protestant faith, and in the same manner if he had been a Roman Catholic, I should have been one. O God, direct me to the one true faith through Jesus Christ. Oh, hear my prayer, most gracious God.

December 18, 1851, Singapore.—Finished the "Life of the Blessed Virgin."

December 19.—Examination in Euclid to-day.

Copy of Letter from my dear Father.

(Extracts only here given.—W. T. L.)

SUTTON, COLDFIELD, NEAR BIRMINGHAM,
September 23, 1851.

MY DEAREST, DEAR AUGUSTUS,—After the letters I have written to you during the last four months, you will not be surprised to hear that I have at length resigned my preferment in the English Church, and have been received into the *One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church*; and, first, I must tell you (or

rather I cannot tell you, for words cannot express) the peace of mind, and comfort, and lightness of heart I have experienced and am experiencing. I am thoroughly happy, and more so than I ever have been, just in proportion as many of the happy days I have by God's great kindness during my past life enjoyed, chiefly depended on temporal things ; so now the certain hope of things eternal renders my happiness more pure and unmixed, as being unlimited in prospect. I am now on a visit to Henry Heneage, who perhaps you know is an excellent priest. Matilda, I, Helen, and Twit left Boulogne on the 7th of this month. Helen is staying with Lady Montgomery at Hampton Court, and Twit is with Matilda, packing up at Harborne. Matilda and I were ten days in a lodging in London, during which time Helen and Twit came up to spend several hours at the Exhibition. I left London last Thursday, the 18th, for this place. . . . I have been staying at Oscott since Friday till this morning. Friday last I was received into the Church, in the Collegiate Chapel, by Henry Heneage. On Saturday I made my general confession to Dr. Moore, the president of the college, and on Sunday I had the supreme bliss of receiving my *first* communion. I can truly say it was my first, for though for years I have taught as the English Church Catechism teaches, and I fancied I believed, that in the English Church "The Body and Blood of Christ are verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful in the Lord's Supper," I never before last Sunday experienced the Real Presence of our Adorable Redeemer and God. On Sunday I could say in the words of holy Job, "I have heard of Thee with the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye hath seen Thee." I received Holy Communion at 7 o'clock mass on Sunday. At 10.30 there was high mass ; at 3, vespers ; and at 8 o'clock in the evening, night prayers and the benediction. I never spent so happy and blissful a Sunday. Between vespers and night prayers Dr. Moore took me over the convent at Handsworth, with which I was delighted, and the nuns were delighted to welcome me as a convert to the One True Church. Yesterday I went into

Birmingham to hear in the evening Henry Wilberforce give a lecture. . . . My eldest brother continues to be most kind. I wrote to him a long letter yesterday with regard to my future plans. . . . If my brother Edward strongly objects for any reason to this plan of mine, I shall feel bound to give due consideration to what he says, as he has always been, and is, so good a brother to me. Fred I am still thinking of putting into the navy, under your care, but I hear it is very difficult to get a naval cadetship now. Matilda has had two interviews with Mr. Manning in London, and I am in hopes that he will spend a day with us at Boulogne on his way to Rome, where he is going for the winter. Newbolt and many of my friends have written to me very kind letters, assuring me of their unaltered friendship. I will send you a book—Cardinal Wiseman's Lectures—(*D. V.*) by the next mail. I was amazed by the overwhelming abundance of irresistible arguments he adduces for the Truth. I could give you many of them in my words, but they might be weakened by being put into my language, so wait till I can send you the book. In the meanwhile, all I ask of you is to pray earnestly. I shall never cease to pray for you. I feel myself a humble confidence that God was in His great mercy pleased to accept my weak endeavours after holiness, especially my act of humiliation in going to confess to Dr. Pusey in Lent last, and rewarded me by granting me His grace to find (and then to cast aside worldly considerations) and join that Church which our Merciful Saviour promised to guide into all truth, and to be with even to the end of the world. Having once opened my eyes His grace deserted me not, but upheld me in the faith during the ordeal I had to pass while reading all the Protestant arguments contained in the books put before me in defence of the schism commenced by Luther, partly carried on by Henry VIII., and fully accomplished by Elizabeth. . . . Supposing the English present Church to be the true Church, as it took its rise three hundred years ago, how was the promise of the Unchangeable God fulfilled during fifteen centuries? One of the homilies of the Church

of England actually asserts that for about eight centuries "the whole of Christendom was sunk in abominable idolatries," asserts, that is, in plain terms, that the words of Christ, "I am with you always," were not fulfilled. Yet *He* said, "My words shall *not* pass away." . . . There is one circumstance, as it long weighed with and influenced me, so it naturally cannot but influence you. I mean your blessed mother having lived and departed in communion with the English Church. But the Catholic faith was never presented to her mind for acceptance, and to such the Catholic Church does not deny (as some Protestants assert it does), an assured hope of eternal bliss, if they lived as she (God be praised) did live faithfully up to the light she had received. I cannot say what a comfort it is to me now as a Catholic to mention her beloved name day by day in my prayers, and especially at Holy Communion, and then to repeat the Catholic petition: "May the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace."

Again, if, as we are all accustomed to do, we pray for one another on earth, sinners as we still are, and yet think our prayers will be of avail—children, brothers, sisters, parents, &c., one for the other—how much more reasonable is it to suppose that the supplications of saints in bliss, such as the ever blessed Virgin and the holy apostles, will be of avail on our behalf? Therefore it is that Catholics invoke the prayers of saints at rest, and say "Orate pro nobis."

September 25.—As I find Matilda can settle all my affairs for me, I have arranged to return to Boulogne by myself on Saturday. My brother does not object to my plan of ultimately residing in London, so there in all probability you will find us all (*D.V.*) on your happy return. I have just received your letter of July 31 and August 1, and I cannot express my gratitude to God for giving me so dutiful and good a son. Your dear letter brought tears to my eyes while reading your cheerful self-denial for my sake. My brother E. returned to me yesterday your last letter, written in answer to my first communication to you regarding my

convictions of the truth of the Catholic Church, and he observed that I had reason indeed to thank God for such a son. . . . I wish I had time and space in this letter to enter fully into that particular portion of the Catholic faith to which you refer in the letter I received from you to-day, viz., the blessed Virgin's continued virginity. . . . Only meditate, dearest boy, upon *Whom* the blessed Virgin bore, "our Lord and our God" (St. John xx. 28), and even without tradition could we reconcile with our ideas of what is fitting, that one *so* "magnified by Him that is mighty" as to be the virgin mother of our Incarnate God, could have ever afterwards had carnal intercourse with man? Think how virginity is spoken of in the Book of Revelations, chap. xiv. 4, "They are virgins, these are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth." If then the blessed Mary had not been ever virgin, then she "whom all generations shall call blessed" would be inferior in dignity and holiness to many nuns and saints of the Catholic Church! But, dearest, suspend your judgment till you receive the book I hope to send by next mail. I cannot doubt but that, in God's good time, your eyes will be opened to see the truth, as it is in the Church, which Jesus purchased with His own most precious blood, which He ever guides by His Spirit. . . . I feel confident that your humble prayers will be answered; that your faithful, filial love to me, your father, and your endeavour to perform the duties of that station in life in which God has placed you, diligently to the Lord and not to man, will "come up," like the "prayers and alms" of Cornelius, as a memorial before God, and He will tell thee what thou oughtest to do. God bless you, &c., &c.

December 20, 1851, Singapore.—Examination in arithmetic. Waldron gives a much easier paper in that than Onslow used to do.

December 21, 4th Sunday in Advent.—Read Manning's sermons in the afternoon: "Sympathy, a Note of the Church," "The Holiness of Common Life," "Devotion possible in Busiest Life." At five, went on shore with Waldron, and went for a short walk before church. Talked about the two Churches. Just before

church we went to M. Barbe, French Catholic priest, and had a yarn. He asked us to come to tea after church, which I did, but Waldron went to the —— to spend the evening. After leaving the English Church, I went towards M. Barbe's house, but took about half-an-hour cruising about the Roman Catholic Church before I found it. M. Barbe is a very good kind of old fellow. Asking him about St. Francis Xavier, he told me the church in ruins on the top of the hill at Malacca was dedicated to him (I think he said), and that that was the church he used to preach in. He also told me that St. Francis Xavier had performed several miracles there ; among others, that he raised from the dead a girl who had been dead three days. He also told me about the Roman Catholic mission in China. The Catholic Church here cost £18,000. Subscriptions raised by the residents. I left his house about ten o'clock, and he would walk down part of the way to the landing-place. He has asked me to see twenty-one Chinese baptized on Wednesday at 6 A.M. I am getting a better opinion of the Roman Catholic Church every day. M. Barbe lent me a small book, written by Manning, proving the truth of the Roman Catholic Church, and I asked him to lend me an English Missal, which he kindly did.

December 24, Christmas Eve, 1851.—At 1.15 A.M., the "John Wickliffe," eight days from Hong-Kong, "Hastings," and "Sphynx" were at Hong-Kong. No news about the "Amazon." Examination in navigation. . . . I got them all right, and so got full numbers. Reading the "Garden of the Soul" and the "Controversial Catechism" some part of the day.

December 25, 1851, Singapore.—Almighty God, I beseech Thee to hear the prayer that I am about to offer to Thee. O remember not my former sins, but forgive them, and wash them out with the blood of the Lamb, and withhold not Thy grace from me. I pray Thee to give me a quiet mind and resolve my doubts concerning the true religion. Lead me to the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. Give me grace to watch and pray, lest I enter into temptation. Let me henceforth lead a new life, directing my whole

life and duties by that Holy Word Thou hast given us. Stay my mind on Thee, and let me trust in Thee, and keep me in perfect peace. Finally, I pray Thee to direct my dear stepmother, and all my brothers and sisters, relations, and friends to the truth; and if my dear father has erred, let it not be too late, but bring him back again, and hear my prayer for the sake of Jesus Christ, who came into the world on this day to save miserable sinners.

Looked at "Pearson on the Creed." He is of the same opinion as my father concerning the Blessed Virgin's continual virginity, and says the same things about it. *Memo.* : To tell my father this in my next letter. Read some of Manning's sermons to-day. At three, nearly all the berth and five of the G. R. officers dined with the captain. I was horribly sick of it by the time dinner was over. We were about three hours and a quarter at it. I had a much quieter Christmas day than the last, which was on board the "Hastings." Had a look at the Missal in the evening.

December 26, 1851, St. Stephen's Day.—Went towards M. Barbe's, intending to return the books he lent me, but observing he was at dinner, returned on board.

December 28th, Sunday after Christmas.—Received four letters from Haverfield, Roberts, Davidson, and Heneage, wishing me a pleasant voyage home.

December 29, 1851.—Wrote a letter to Haverfield in the evening, and promised to write to him when I had been at home about a week.

Finis Anni, 1851, A. H. LAW.

Extracts from Diary.

H.M.S. "AMAZON," SINGAPORE, 1852.

January 2.—In afternoon went on shore. Went to Moses and got my watch under weigh again. Part of the spring of the opening cover had got into the works. No wonder the watch stopped. I went to M. Barbe's to return the Missal and the Rev. E. Manning's book, which he had lent

me. After talking a short time with him, he advised me to pray to God to show me the true Church. He talked to me about the benefits of confession, and said Catholics had always to confess before taking the Holy Communion. Just about sunset, M. Barbe and another priest went out for a walk, and I went with them. Got back about 7.20, and then had tea together. Upon my word, what I have seen of the Catholic clergy *here* at least has given me a high opinion of those men. I shall find out if there are any at Trincomalee, and if so shall go and see them. I liked old Barbe very well, and think he is a true Christian.

Extracts.

To his Father.

H.M.S. "AMAZON," SINGAPORE, 1st Jan. 1852.

I have seen a French Catholic priest here called Barbe, a very good old man—when I say *old*, I judge him by his hair, which is grey. I have had a good deal of talk with him. He is very kind. He has removed a great many prejudices I had. But I have almost resolved to wait till I talk to yourself, dearest father. Waldron, our chaplain, is a very curious man. He tells me, "Oh, don't believe anything a Roman Catholic says. He does not think it any harm telling a lie for the good of his Church, on the principle of 'the end sanctifies the means.'" Of course I don't listen to that, and I ask why Protestants should not do the same. . . . If I can get on shore to-morrow forenoon, I shall go to take leave of old Barbe.

Extracts from Diary.

January 4, 1852.—Mail from England arrived. The news from England not much. The King of Hanover dead. Religious controversy seems to be going on as much as ever. "The Hastings," I hear, is in a fearful state of discipline. I did not get any letter. . . . My father has supposed we have sailed.

January 5, 1852, Singapore.—At 20 past 12, we got under

weigh for Trincomalee. Good-bye, Singapore, China, &c., for the present. I do not much wish to see the latter again.

January 7, 1852.—Read one of Manning's sermons on "Short Devotions a Hindrance to Prayer." May I profit by it!

January 8.—Eleven months in the "Amazon" to-day. *Mem.* I ought to write to Roberts, Onslow, and Hancock at Trincomalee. I now go in the "Pinnacle," when armed and manned, and was stationed in the maintop last evening, which I am not sorry for.

Friday, January 9.—My dear brother Frank's birthday. May God bless and preserve him.

January 10, 1852.—Commenced Wiseman's "Lectures on the Catholic Church" the second time.

January 16, 1852.—Last night the Trincomalee light was seen. About eleven o'clock we anchored close to the dockyard.

January 20.—F.N. watch. The captain came off at 11.30, and I, not expecting he would come off in the rain, was not keeping a very sharp look-out for him, which I ought of course to have done. The first I knew of his being alongside was that the coxswain came up the ladder, and said the captain was waiting alongside for man-ropes. When he came up, there naturally was a row in the house, and I was justly punished, viz., Watch and watch till further orders. Dined with the captain in the evening.

January 21, 1852.—The Rangoon business is settled amicably. I shall now leave the station without the slightest regret, otherwise I should have gone away thinking I had lost something in not being therein concerned.

Thursday, January 22, 1852.—The captain released me from watch and watch, at which I was not at all displeased.

Extracts.

H.M.S. "AMAZON," TRINCOMALEE, *January 22, 1852.*

DEAREST FATHER,—Here commences the last that I shall write on this station. We arrived here from Singapore on the 16th, having sailed from that place on the 5th. We sail for dear old England (*D.V.*) to-morrow evening or Saturday morning.

. . . . It is the season for hurricanes now off the Mauritius, or rather it will be when we get there. We may be in one, and we may not; it is impossible to say. I should almost like to see how the old ship would behave in one, and I should gain experience by being in one. Dearest father, I hope you are still as happy as ever with regard to religion. I want very much to be home to speak to you about that. Give my very best love to dearest May, . . . Augusta and all. Augusta, dear little thing, will be quite a young woman to what she was when I left England. Kiss the little ones for me, I mean Moth, Geraldine, and Agnes. . . . Now good-bye, *dearest, dearest* father. May God bless you and all. My very best love again to . . . ; also all my dear "London" uncles and aunts and to the Newbolts, and believe me, dearest father, to be your most affectionate son,

AUGUSTUS.

Extracts from Diary.

Saturday, January 24, 1852.—The sea breeze N.E. came on, and we got under weigh, and stood out of the harbour. Happy day! Beating to windward to weather Foul point. Finished Cardinal Wiseman's "Lectures on the Catholic Church."

Sunday, 25.—Conversion of St. Paul. Commenced "Ecclesiastical Biography," by W. F. Hook. A good book, I should say, it ought to be.

Wednesday, 28th January 1852.—I like "Ecclesiastical Biography" exceedingly. I was exceedingly interested in the Life of Thomas Aquinas, Anselm, and Anthony.

Extracts from Diary.

Trincomalee to the Cape.

February 10, 1852.—Dined with the captain, also Mr. Mould, Waldron, and Street. If we go on the average of 8 knots an hour, we shall get to the Cape in 17 days; 7 knots, 19½ days; 6 knots, 22¼ days, being about 3280 miles off.

Saturday, 14th February 1852.—Lat. 22°, 35' S.; Long. 69°, 8' E.
—Text for meditation: "He that glorieth," &c., 2 Cor. x. 17, 18.

16th February.—Reading "The English Churchman." Every probability of our keeping this jolly breeze.

17th February.—We have made a run of 239 miles during the last twenty-four hours. "Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind. Live in peace," &c., 2 Cor. xiii. 11.

Wednesday, February 18, 1852.—I have served my time for mate to-day, but alas, have got to wait till October 21st to pass, as I shall not be the proper age till then. One of my most besetting sins is pride. What a mischievous sin is that! It takes away humility, charity, meekness, and nearly every other Christian grace. How truly St. James writes when he says, that "he who commits one sin is guilty of all." I have had one or two rows with the first lieutenant through the instrumentality of that sin; and may God grant me His saving grace, through Jesus Christ, to get rid of this unchristian spirit. Read "Piddington" on hurricanes part of the afternoon. 2110 miles from Simon's Bay. "The waves of the sea are mighty and rage horribly; but yet the Lord who dwelleth on high is mightier." (Evening prayer for to-day).

20th February 1852.—Finished that beautiful book, "The English Churchman." Oh, that the English Church was like the ideal of it there.

Sunday, 22d February.—Mr. Waldron read a beautiful sermon on charity in the forenoon. Read some of Law's "Serious Call."

23d February 1852.—Ash-Wednesday, next Wednesday. May I keep it in a proper manner, by repenting deeply of my former sins, and in keeping it as the Holy Church directs; and let me remember St. Benedict's rules, and try to act up to them. Also, to think particularly (on that day) of Christ's death on the cross for us miserable sinners.

Tuesday (Shrove), 24th.—Taken by a squall with all plain sail, which nearly whipped the top-gallant-masts out of her. I could see nothing of the squall coming on, and I am very glad that

nothing went, as Bromley was responsible. I had just sent the topmen up to take the top-gallant-studding-sails in, but had no idea any wind was coming on.

Saturday, 28th February 1852.—At three a gale came on from W.N.W. . . . By six we were under close-reefed topsails, reefed courses with top-gallant-masts on deck. However, we need not . . . but the captain thought it would come on stronger, and certainly there is nothing like doing those kind of things by daylight.

Monday, March 1st, 1852.—How I wish to get home, to talk to my dear father about religious matters. Splendid breeze from E.N.E. Sighted Cape Agulhas at 6.30. Thank God for taking us so far on our voyage safely.

Tuesday, March 2, 1852.—About 6 P.M. we anchored in Simon's Bay. News: the "Birkenhead," with a detachment of the 98th, had been lost off Cape Hanglip—400 lost out of 580. Frightful loss of life.

Extracts.

SIMON'S BAY, *March 2, 1852.*

DEAREST FATHER,—I must write a short note to say that (thanks to God) we have arrived at the Cape. We have had beautiful weather the whole way, and have only been five weeks and three days on the passage, much shorter than I expected. We are just in time for the mail. She starts in about two days. The "Castor" and "Rhādamanthus" are in here.

Please God we shall arrive in England about the end of April. . . . I suppose the mail will arrive in England about a fortnight before we do.

As soon as I arrive in England (*D. V.*) I shall write to you. Will you send your direction to Selby's for me?

(Extracts from Diary.)

Friday, March 5, 1852.—Went on shore and got a letter; it was from my dear father, dated Dec. 23d. He told me he was going to live in London from Feb. 10, at 22 Kensington Crescent.

March 6.—Fifty-three of the ship's company of the "Birkenhead" came on board for a passage to England.

March 7th.—Got a breeze from the southward and stood out of the bay.

Thursday, March 11th, 1852.—We have been regularly fulfilling the saying, "Rolling down to St. Helena."

Monday, March 15, 1852.—Our new messmates get on very well, except that they have got into a habit of cutting up their baccy in the berth with a mess knife. . . . I think a great deal of home now. I hope in less than fifty days, God being willing, we shall be at anchor in an English port, and I shall have seen my *dear* father, and had a long yarn with him especially, . . . as I should like to be settled on religious points as soon as possible, and I find it *impossible* till then.

March 16, 1852.—Anchored in St. Helena Roads. It is a horribly barren-looking place. Napoleon must have been very much disgusted when he got a sight of it. We got under weigh about five P.M.

March 17, 1852.—Read one of Manning's beautiful (through God's grace) sermons, viz., "Holiness in Common Life," showing how it is incumbent upon every one, whatever his duties in life, to walk with God.

Thursday, 25th March.—I have nearly finished Milton now, and I like it very much.

27th March 1852.—My dear little brother Freddy is eleven years old to-day. God bless him.

April 1, 1852.—Heavy squall struck us. She heeled over a good deal at first. The main royal split, which makes eleven. Thank God there were no accidents, such as guns fetching away, masts going. . . . I was wet the whole time, and felt very comfortable under the blankets when I turned in. I never saw so many sails go at one time.

April 3, 1852.—I hear Goodenough has got the prize commission at the R.N. College. I am very glad to hear of it.

In Diary on *April 6, 1852*, Augustus copied a long letter from

his father, dated Boulogne, December 23, 1851, of which only a few extracts will be here given :

"I will only give you all the news, without further allusion to my conversion, except saying that every day I find more and more reason to thank God for His great mercy to me. The worldly trials,—loss of friends, coolness of others, and insults from some,—I regard as nothing, in comparison to the spiritual gain of which I have become partaker. Frank is *first* of his batch of twenty-two in the examination just over. He is to go to the arsenal in January."

Saturday, May 1, 1852.—I have got lots to write, not having written for a week. On 26th a Scilly pilot boat came close alongside and hailed, "Do you want a pilot, sir?" (Answer), "No; have you got any papers?" Pilot, "Yes, sir. I'll come on board in my boat and bring them." He said easterly winds had lasted seven weeks, that at present all was going on peaceably with France, &c. After the pilot had had a "wet" in the gunroom he left, and went in search of some vessel that *did* want a pilot. *April 27.*—My dear sister Helen's birthday. . . . About two P.M., we observed the Lizard Lighthouse, bearing NE. by E. First English land we have sighted. *April 28.*—A tremendous lot of vessels sailing up channel to-day and yesterday. At noon, NE. 16', bearings and distance of Portland Bill. About six o'clock we sighted the Isle of Wight; at 10.30 we anchored in St. Helen's Roads. Let me thank God for taking me safe home, and protecting me from all dangers, illnesses, &c., during four years. *April 29.*—At four, weighed and stood into Spithead, and anchored at 5.30. I received a whole lot of letters from my dear father, &c., &c., and later, one from May. . . . They were principally on the subject of religion, and I heard by them that all my brothers and sisters had been converted to the Roman Catholic faith except old Franky.

*Extracts.**From his Father to Augustus.*

22 KENSINGTON CRESCENT,
April 28, 1852.

MY DEAREST AUGUSTUS,—I only this morning received your letter of March 2, from the Cape, owing to ——'s thoroughly *Protestant* act in writing "not known" on your letter directed to his house in ——, as he gave permission for you to do when I asked him in June last. Your letter I ought to have received eighteen days ago, during which period it has wandered about from post-office to post-office. I have written to —— to tell him how admirably successful he has been in his unamiable object, but that I left it to him to reconcile with *his* ideas of right the *means* he used to accomplish it, viz., denying knowledge of a person he *had known* for nearly a quarter of a century! This little incident will give you an idea of the persecuting spirit manifested towards me. . . . I feel you may now arrive any hour. I wrote to Selby to beg him to send me a telegraphic message as soon as the "Amazon" gets to Spithead; and I have also requested one of the clerks at the Admiralty to give me immediate information of the ship's arrival being notified at that office. . . . I was so fortunate as to meet Louisa Heneage at the convent last Thursday. Our meeting was more satisfactory than I could have expected; indeed, I believe if she had not been influenced by others, she would have been far less bitter on the subject of my conversion than she has been, particularly when it is considered that her husband is a *nominal* Catholic, her mother-in-law and sister-in-law converts from Protestantism to the Catholic faith, and her brother-in-law, Henry Heneage, a devoted priest of the Church. Dearest little Twit receives (*D.V.*) on Sunday next her first communion. . . . I have promised to be present . . . and communicate with her; so that if I should hear of your arrival *on Saturday*, I should not be able

instantly to start for Portsmouth. You will land (after paying off) in the month of May, a month very dear to Catholics, and I rejoice to think of your arrival amongst us at such a propitious period of the year. God bless you.—Ever your most affectionate father,

W. T. LAW.

*From his sister "Twit."*¹

ROEHAMPTON, April 24, 1852.

MY DARLING GUTTA,—You may well fancy how happy I am at the thought of soon seeing you. As I have not written to you since dearest papa has had the great happiness of becoming a member of the Holy Catholic Church, you will most likely like to know what I think about it. I thought very differently at first to what I do now, but at length, by Almighty God's grace, I have come to the light of the truth, which I hope ere long you will, my own darling brother. As I am no theologian, I will enclose one of dearest papa's letters to me on that subject, which I think you will like. You must take care not to lose it, my darling. I suppose papa has already told you that I am at school in a convent of the Sacred Heart, and also that it is the same house which grandpapa and all my aunts and uncles lived in for a long time. By what I have said in the former part of my letter, you will most likely conclude that I have become a Catholic. I and dear little Augusta were received into the Catholic Church on the 25th of March, which, as you know, is the Feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin; I am also going to have the intense happiness of making my first communion next month. How thankful I ought to be for all the graces Almighty God bestows upon me! I hope and pray, my darling brother, that you also will soon be received as one of the members of the Holy Catholic Church. I think and hope you will have great influence with dearest Franky, who does not think much of that subject, I am afraid, either way. He may be wait-

¹ Matilda Isabella, now Sister Jane Margaret Mary of the Visitation B. V.M., Westbury-on-Trym.

ing to see what you will do. . . . I long to see you and talk to you on that subject, but as it is impossible, I must wait till I can. . . . Little Geraldine and Agnes are very dear little things, . . . they have lately had the hooping-cough, but are now getting better. You will find them at Kensington. They have been staying at Hampton Court while the house was preparing, but have now gone home. . . . My other brothers are at Oscott. All are quite well, and join with me, I am sure, in their prayers that you may become a fervent Catholic.

Little Augusta sends her best love and kisses, and believe me to remain ever your most affectionate
LITTLE TWITTY.

Continuation of Diary, entry on May 1, 1852.

About 3 P.M. (viz. of April 29), when I was walking the poop, I saw to my great surprise my dear father coming alongside, at which of course I was very much delighted. When he came on board we had a jolly talk for about a quarter of an hour, and then I managed to get leave to go on shore till 8 A.M. of next day. My dear father looked as well as ever. First of all we went to Selby's, where my father ordered a suit of uniform and plain clothes for me, then went to the "George" and ordered dinner, then to a shoemaker to get a pair of shoes. The pair I had on were not fit to be seen. We then went to the R. A. Barracks to call upon Bob Newbolt, but unfortunately, and for which I was very sorry, he was out. So after a walk, in which my father called upon Mr. Kelly, the R. C. priest here, we returned to the "George," and had dinner and sat down there till about 12.30, as happy as two kings, so happy we both were to meet each other after an absence of three years and ten months. Discourse ran upon everything, and I was very sorry to hear how my father's former friends cut him for nothing else but fulfilling the dictates of his conscience.

April 30.—Got up at about six, and then went on board the ship with my dear father. Inspected to-day by Admiral Briggs and Captain Chads.

*Extracts.**From his Father.*

22 KENSINGTON CRESCENT,

Monday, May 3, 1852.

MY DEAREST AUGUSTUS,—I quite forget to tell you that you had better write to the Peer (113 Eaton Square). I have just received the enclosed from him. You had better tell him (or rather ask his advice as to) your plans, after six or eight weeks at home, which after so long an absence, even *his zeal for the service* cannot think unreasonable. The trip to the Mediterranean with Captain Chads appears to have many recommendations, as he, from his intimacy with my brother, would be sure to take interest in you, and give you every assistance in acquiring full knowledge of your profession. . . . I forgot to say that I got back from Spithead in good time to attend Mass at 8.30, before I started for London, which I was very glad of, as I was anxious as soon as possible to offer up thanks in church for your safe and happy return. I passed a very joyful day yesterday. Left home about six, and walked to the convent, where I arrived in good time for 7.30 Mass, at which dearest Twit received her first communion. Helen and I also received the Holy Communion. . . . I then went to Mortlake to get breakfast. . . . Returned to the convent for the afternoon's services, viz., sermon, benediction, &c. . . . Twit had not been told of your arrival, to avoid interruption to her preparation for first communion, so I had the pleasure of giving her the first intelligence. As soon as I know the day I may expect you, they will all three come home to meet you. . . . I have had a very kind note from Anne Colville, congratulating me on your return. I suppose you have not much time for reading now, but for the chance, send you a tract or two. God bless you.—Ever your most affectionate father,

W. T. LAW.

I am going in to London this evening to hear Father Ferrara preach.

Extracts.

HAMOAZE, PLYMOUTH,
Monday, May 3, 1852.

DEAREST FATHER,—Here we are in the harbour, and have commenced returning stores, &c., preparatory for paying off. . . . Dearest father, I am very glad you liked my diary. Make yourself quite easy on my account with Reverend Waldron. I made up with him all right, and we are now as good friends as ever. . . . Fancy, we beat the “Rodney” by twenty-six hours. She sailed twenty-four hours before us, and we got in about two hours before her. Old Chads did not speak to me, in fact I was on duty in a boat nearly all the time, and I think also he was too busily engaged about his inspecting work to think about anything else. . . . I received to-day a very kind note from Lizzy Colchester. . . . I also received a very kind note from Henry Law. He touched upon religion, which Lizzy did not. When I see him I must ask him why he does not extend the same indulgence to you as to me, for he says, concluding, “Whatever may be your decision, whether to follow your father’s footsteps, or adhere to that religion in which your poor mother died, I shall always take an interest in your welfare, and shall have a pleasure in serving you in any way in which it may be in my power.” I have read “The Catholic Religion the Religion of Jesus.” . . . The captain has written to say that the “Amazon” will be ready to pay off on Monday, so I expect Monday will be the day. . . . Do you remember our talk about visiting East Brent? . . . I have thought of another plan,—that after I have been at home some time, we might go to pay the *good* Newbolts a visit, and either on our way there, or back, see poor old E. Brent. But, dearest father, whatever you decide upon about it I will do, so will you write and tell me your plans. . . . And now good-night, dearest father, and believe me, to be your most affectionate son,

AUGUSTUS.

May God preserve you and all.

*Extracts.**From his Father.*

22 KENSINGTON CRESCENT,
May 4, 1852.

MY DEAREST AUGUSTUS,—Your poor Aunt Anne Colville has, I grieve to say, had again a relapse, and is now *very, very* seriously ill. I enclose her note, written last Sunday, in which she speaks so kindly of you. Return it to me by the post, as I wish particularly to keep it, as I fear it is more than probable that I may never receive another from her. . . . According to her views of duty, she has all her life fulfilled it most strictly. I can only pray that God may in His great mercy yet reveal His truth to her mind. Such a divine work may take place in the soul at the last moment, and be known only to the recipient of the blessed gift, and to the Divine Giver. But if this be not so, may God mercifully accept that *portion* of faith in Catholic truths which she does possess, and forgive her separation from the Church, as it is not, we may trust wilful, but arises solely from the prejudices of education. I have not yet heard from you at Plymouth. Father Ferrara is going to preach every Monday and Wednesday, in this month, at the Oratory. God bless you, and bring you safe home.—Your most affectionate father,

W. T. LAW.

Extracts.

H.M.S. "AMAZON," HAMOAZE, PLYMOUTH,
Wednesday, May 5, 1852.

DEAREST FATHER,— . . . I also received your letter yesterday with the enclosed of Uncle Ellenborough. What I should like would be to be at least six weeks at home, after nearly four years, and then, till I pass for a mate, I don't care where I go much. Of course I must go a good deal by what Uncle Ellenborough says. He is so *very* kind to me, and always has been.

One particular reason I should like to be six weeks at home is to settle about religion. I don't like being in doubt in that matter. . . . I have just received a very kind letter from dear Aunt Lou. . . . There is so much noise and bustle that I cannot well write to any one but you, but I will write to you every day if possible.

Extracts.

To his Father.

H.M.S. "AMAZON," PLYMOUTH, May 6.

I am one of the witnesses on the court-martial on the Rev. F. Waldron, which I think is to be to-morrow.

May 7.—I'm afraid this court-martial will detain me two days, *i.e.*, till Wednesday evening. . . . Should I be detained I shall be with my two Uncles, Graves, before 9 A.M. and after 6 P.M. each day. . . . It is a great bore being detained. However, dearest father, I shall get home some day. . . . Trust me for having a sleep in the carriage, and I don't think I shall want much rest when I get home. I am glad to hear Aunt Colville is a *little* better. I will write to Uncle Ellenborough either this afternoon or evening.

Extracts.

May 8, 1852.—The Rev. Waldron has got his walking ticket. The Admiralty wrote down to say that a letter which he had written to the captain was quite enough to do for him, so he leaves the ship, and is going up by the mail train to-night. So I am glad to say I shall not be detained by the court-martial.

GRAVESEND HOUSE, TOR POINT, PLYMOUTH,
May 11, 1852.

DEAREST FATHER,—I have arrived here about two hours, and look quite a different fellow with the plain clothes on. I received at paying off about £67. Capital! Half-an-hour before I left the ship I received my appointment to the "Encounter," with direc-

tions to join her immediately. I therefore go by a steamer which leaves Plymouth at 6 P.M., join her, and hope I shall get my leave at last, and arrive (*D.V.*) in London about to-morrow. It blows fresh from the S.W. ; capital wind for the steamer.

Extract.

From Lady Colchester to Hon. W. T. Law.

39 W. BROOK STREET, 9 o'clock Evening, May 10.

MY DEAR WILLIAM,—The Duke of Northumberland put the enclosed into Lord Colchester's hand in the House of Lords to-night. . . . —Yours affectionately, E. S. C.

Copy of Enclosure.

ADMIRALTY, May 10.

Mr. Law (as requested by Lord Colchester) is appointed to "Encounter."

(Signed illegibly, but ending) "elham."

Extracts from Diary.

May 9, 1852.—Went on shore to Gravesend House to see Uncle Tom and Dolly Graves. I was very glad to see them, and they were very kind. Dined there, and about 9 P.M. went on board in Lord Graves's dingey with Dolly.

Monday, May 10.—Dolly came on board in the dingey, and I went with him to Morshead's (the Hotel) to get my new kit, and took it over to Gravesend House. Dined there, and returned on board to keep four to six watch.

May 11.—The pay yacht hauled alongside, and I received about £67. The pay-clerk said it was seldom midshipmen received so much at the pay table. Just before I received my money, I received my appointment to the "Encounter," at which I was *not* very much delighted. Directly I was paid, I was off to Gravesend House, and stayed there till five, when I started for

the train. I had intended going by the steamer to Portsmouth and joining the "Encounter" at once, but was persuaded not to, by Uncle Graves. Started by the 6.25 train for London.

Wednesday, 12th May 1852.—Arrived in London at 4.15 A.M. 'Bus part of the way, cab the rest. My father opened the door, and then there was such a lot of hugging, &c. They then turned out, and we had breakfast about nine. . . . My father and myself went into London to the Admiralty and found out that if I wanted to do the thing proper, I had better join the ship. . . . Called upon uncles and aunts, nearly all of them, and then home. . . . Rather tired with the day's work.

Thursday, 13th May 1852.—At home most of the day, as Helen, Twit, and Baba are only going to stop till Tuesday.

Friday, 14th May.—Joined the "Encounter." Called on Bob Newbolt, and lunched with him at his mess. He has grown very tall.

Saturday, 15th May 1852.—Saw the Bishop of Southwark in the evening, and after two or three hours talking, he convinced me that the Holy Catholic Church was that in communion with the See of Rome. Made my general confession. My father . . . very much delighted.

Sunday, 16th May 1852.—I was received by the Bishop of Southwark in the new church at Mortlake. There was a Confirmation there also before I was received, and the bishop gave a beautiful exhortation to those about to be confirmed. We stayed a short time at the priest's house, and then went home.

Wednesday, 19th May 1852.—Went with my father to attend Mass before breakfast. . . . Called upon Captain Barker. . . . Went to the Oratory. Father Ferrara preached, in his sermon saying that humility and purity were inseparable. . . . Dinner. . . . Dear father read Wiseman's sermon on "Communion of Saints." Admiral Corry is going to have command of the Channel Fleet. Fly Martin has hauled down his pendant permanently.

Thursday, 20th May, Ascension Day.—Attended Low Mass before breakfast. High Mass at Farm Church (*sic*). . . . "Gloria

in excelsis Deo" was beautiful. . . . Called upon my cousin Bessy Law. I was delighted with her. I had never seen her before. She was one of Mr. Bennett's Sisters of Charity, but they all went over in a body to the Catholic Church. She is going over to Paris to get into the ways of a convent, &c. Called then upon Mr. Oakley. Seemed to be a very nice fellow. . . . Bus and train to Roehampton. Saw my sisters there, just coming in for the end of the sermon.

Friday, 21st May 1852.—Mass before breakfast. . . . Received a very nice letter from Hancock, having written to him about three days ago, and sent him two tracts, according to my father's wish. . . . Called upon Uncle Ellenborough to-day and saw him, then called upon Lady Stafford, then inquired how poor Aunt Anne was: very bad account. . . . Went to evening devotions at church of Benedictine Convent, and confessed to Mr. Butt.

Saturday, May 22, 1852.—Into London with my father—cab to Euston Square Station. Got to Birmingham at 4.40; dined, and took cab to Oscott. Saw dear Freddy and Victor. I thought little Victor much altered. They like Oscott very well, I think. Evening devotions at about seven; then tea, and at 8.30 evening prayers. A German priest showed me over the college.

Sunday, May 23, 1852.—Low Mass at seven. Received my first communion in the Catholic Church. High Mass at 10.30; vespers at three. My father, Fred, Vic, and myself then walked over to Sutton Coldfield, three miles from here, and saw Henry Heneage, who is priest there. Saw my conversion in the "Guardian." Walked back. Evening devotions. . . . Afterwards we all went in the kitchen garden and said the rosary, viz., the five glorious mysteries; then night prayers, and retired to our rooms. Henry Heneage seems to be a very nice fellow. I like the college very much. Dr. Moore and all of them are exceedingly hospitable and kind. They must lead a happy life, I should think.

Monday, May 24, 1852, Queen's Birthday.—Missed Mass in the morning, not having turned out in proper time. Left

Oscott College, and went to see the nunnery (*sic*) at Handsworth. The nuns there are a kind of "Sisters of Charity." Then went into Birmingham and saw the Catholic Cathedral, which was very beautiful. . . . Arrived at Kensington about five. My father and I found a letter from Lady Wellesley asking us to dine with her, together with May; so we started again for London, and enjoyed ourselves very much.

Tuesday, May 25th, 1852.—Saw the Bishop of Southwark to-day, and confessed to him. May had a long chat with him, and came away half converted.

Wednesday, May 26, 1852.—At eight went into London with my father, and attended Mass at the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. The cardinal said it. Afterwards, instead of going *home* to breakfast, I went to Aunt Charlotte H—— and had breakfast; she was very kind indeed. Stayed there about two hours, and then went to Aunt Lou's, where I stayed till two o'clock, having luncheon there. Saw Aunt Jane Cuthbert there, and Jemmy C—— at Aunt Charlotte's. Cecil had gone to the Derby. To the Oratory, and attended vespers. The Bishop of Southwark preached a beautiful sermon on the life of St. Philip Neri, whose day it is to-day. My father and May were there. I went straight home, and they went at 7.50 to the Bishop of Southwark. Before going to vespers I called upon Caulfield, but he had gone, where I expected, to the Derby. Wet day to-day. Bother for those who went to the races.

Thursday, May 27, 1852.—My father and May came home last night about ten. May being a Catholic, she was received by dear Dr. Grant. I forgot to say that on Tuesday evening my father and myself saw the cardinal, that being his receiving night. . . . Pater met there one of his Harborne parishioners, who begged to be introduced to Pater, as one who had left his flock for the Catholic. Pater received a letter from Mrs. Charles Law, enclosing Bessy's from her convent at Paris. She said in her letter that she was very happy there, and had quite a foretaste of heaven. Wrote to her on behalf principally of Pater,

and asked her to pray for me. Mr. Butt called here to-day. . . . Pater and I walked over to Roehampton to see the girls. We just got there in time, as Twit was going into retreat to prepare for confirmation. They were very much rejoiced at hearing of May's conversion. . . . Attended evening devotions at Hammersmith Chapel, and afterwards had a talk with Mr. Butt about confirmation. I like him very much. I have chosen St. Aloysius Gonzaga for my patron saint, he having had those virtues which I most stand in need of.

Friday, May 28, 1852.—Miss Gladstone called. She seems a very nice person. Rangoon is taken, and 150 (I think) pieces of cannon taken.

Sunday, May 30, 1852.—Feast of Pentecost. Low Mass at 7.30. Received the Most Holy Communion. Attended High Mass at 10.30 or 11 at Hammersmith Chapel. They sang beautifully. At two we walked over to Roehampton convent. Twit and I were confirmed there by the dear Bishop of Southwark. Poor Aunt Anne Colville died at 7.45 this morning. We heard it when we arrived from High Mass. Read Milner's "End of Controversy" in the evening.

May 31, 1852.—Saw Father Ferrara in Portman Square. He was, as he always appears to be, very good and kind. He gave me a few pictures. Saw the Catholic Church in Spanish Place. Lots about the taking of Rangoon in the paper. Hastings was not present. Luard distinguished himself very much. Bought a rosary at Burns's, and the cardinal sent me yesterday a crucifix blessed by the Pope, so I am now complete.

*From Captain Barker, R.N., late Commanding H.M.S.
"Amazon."*

BAKEWELL, *June 2, 1852.*

MY DEAR LAW,—I have at last found time to unpack my chest containing your chart, which will be sent off by rail to-day. I hope it will arrive in time, but know nothing of the movements of your ship. I hope you will not go to a foreign station, before

passing your examination. With best wishes for your future success, which I feel confident your conduct will always deserve, believe me, yours faithfully,

CHAS. BARKER.

Extracts from Diary.

June 3, 1852.—By train from Paddington to see Mrs. Charles Law. She met us in her carriage at Twyford. She lives about a mile and a half from the station. She has one of her rooms fitted up as a chapel. We expected Mr. Morris, priest, but he did not come, which I was sorry for.

June 5, 1852.—Went into London with May to see Manning. It makes one feel differently, being in the same room and hearing his saintly discourse. He gave me some very good advice. Went to confession in the evening.

Sunday, June 6, 1852.—Yesterday I got Butler's "Lives of the Saints,"—12s. the lot. Got up at 5.30, and went into London with my father and May, . . . to Low Mass at Farm Street. After Mass, May and I went to Lady Lothian's, and had breakfast there. Whilst we were there, Manning came in for a few minutes. At eleven High Mass, and then we went to Kensington; dined, and then off to the convent and saw dear Helen, Maud, and Augusta.

June 7, 1852.—Had attacks of shivering in the evening from the effects of cold. My father dined at Lady Wellesley's, and did not come back till 12.30.

Tuesday, June 8, 1852.—Did not turn out till nine on account of my cold. A copy of Aunt Anne's will was sent here. I shall (*D.V.*) have £500 when I come of age, on condition that I sign a declaration that I will give none of the money to Catholic charities, either directly or indirectly. So have all my brothers. My sisters have £200 upon the same conditions.

June 9, 1852.—Stayed at home all day, feeling very unwell.

Thursday, June 10.—Still unwell, but went with papa and May to hear Manning preach his first sermon as a Catholic, at the Convent of the Good Shepherd. It was a beautiful sermon. We afterwards went right round the convent.

Friday, June 11th, 1852.—Left the old Crescent about one o'clock, and went to Aunt Lou's to say good-bye. By three o'clock train to Portsmouth. Joined the "Encounter" about 6.30.

June 13, 14, 15.—Confined to my hammock.

June 16th.—I was better, thank God, and was up for a few hours.

June 18th and 19th.—In my hammock. Received a letter from my dear father, and wrote to him.

June 20th, Sunday, 1852.—Went out to Spithead about 6 P.M. yesterday. Out of my hammock to-day, thank God. We sail in company with "Dauntless," "Arrogant," and "Highflyer," for a fortnight's cruise and then go into Lisbon.

22d June.—Still in company with "Arrogant," "Dauntless," and "Highflyer."

Wednesday, June 23.—Walked on deck a good deal to-day. Read the "Lives of the Saints," and C. Wiseman's Lectures.

Wednesday, June 30, 1852.—Gave away all the medals last night through our steward, who is a Catholic. Cannot get on with Alison's "History of Europe." I think I could read the whole lot of it, but I can't the Epitome. . . . I shall be glad to get to Lisbon, as I want to go to confession, and should like to get a chance of attending Mass, not having attended it since June 6th, twenty-four days now, different from the old Crescent, when I used to go to Mass nearly every morning.

Friday, 2d July 1852.—Yesterday we had a trial of sailing right before the wind. The "Arrogant" gained very little on us, considering the trial lasted about seven hours; the "Highflyer" about two ships lengths; and we licked the "Dauntless" by about a mile and a half. I copied the dimensions of the ship and of our sails yesterday into my Dodge Book. *Deo gratias*, I am quite well now, but the doctor is keeping me in the list yet. I cannot find the "Garden of the Soul" anywhere in my chest, so conclude I have left it at home.

Extracts.

H.M.S. "ENCOUNTER," LISBON, *July 5, 1852.*

DEAREST FATHER,—Here I am, dearest father, at anchor in the Tagus, and *Deo gratias*, am quite recovered. I was, however, three weeks in the sick list from the day I came on board, and now the first thing I will talk about shall be concerning our holy religion. As long as one is in the sick list on board a ship, one is not *obliged* to attend service, so of course I did not. Well, I came out of the list last Sunday. . . . Just as church was nearly ready (I had no opportunity before), I sent to ask whether I could speak to the captain. He sent out, "Yes." I walked into the cabin, and he said then, in a very kind way, "Well, Mr. Law, what is it?" So I said, "Can you excuse me from attending service? I am a Catholic." He answered, "Oh certainly, certainly, you can do as you like about that," which I am very thankful to him for. So when they are at their Protestant Church I get the "Golden Manual" down and attend my service. I like those meditations very much, as I told you. . . . Some of the youngsters get my books down out of the shelf, but cannot make head or tail of them, I fancy. A naval cadet of an inquisitive turn of mind who has just joined the service, is very anxious to attend High Mass with me at the English College. . . . I am sorry to see that fellow Achilli has gone to windward of poor Dr. Newman, but I hear the "Times" flared up about the unfairness of the decision. . . . Since I have been out of the list, I have had charge of the signals, which keeps me on deck pretty nearly all day, and does not leave me time even to read the "Lives of the Saints" for the day. On Tuesday up at four. Coaling nearly all day. Very dirty work. First time I could say so from experience. Received about fifty tons. After dinner went on shore, and struck off for the English College. Waited in the hall for a few minutes. Shortly afterwards the Superior, Mr. Laurence, came in out of the garden, and after a little commonplace talking with Gallagher, a Catholic surgeon of the "Arro-

gant," we walked out in the garden, and I told him my name, &c., about your being converted in September 1851, &c. The names of Manning, Dr. Grant, Newman, and that Achilli, often came in the conversation. He then advised me not to confess then, but to wait till some morning when I could confess and receive the B. Sacrament. He was exceedingly kind and showed me all over the college, showed me your name in the directory. . . . I have just got leave (*Deo gratias*) to go on shore from 5 A.M. to 11. . . . Mr. Laurence is going first to hear my confession, and then about eight to say Mass, and that one I am going to attend. . . . Give my best love to dear May, and all my dear brothers and sisters, and remember me kindly to Lady Wellesley, Mr. Butt, Manning, the good Bishop of Southwark, to the cardinal (if proper), and all other good people. . . .

P.S.—I hope to go to the college on Sunday to attend High Mass and Vespers.—*Benedicamus Domino.*

Extracts from Diary.

July 6, 1852.—All I like of Lisbon is the English College. That is the only attraction for me.

July 7, 1852.—On deck with the exception of washing, meals, &c., from 4.35 A.M. till 7.20 P.M.; very tired at the latter time.

9th July.—Went on shore at six to the English College. I first went to the church and prepared myself for confession, and then went into a room and confessed to Mr. Richmond. I received the Most Holy Sacrament from him at his Mass. . . . Afterwards remained in the church for a short time, then went out, and Mr. Richmond said to me, "Now you feel comfortable," which I did indeed. Afterwards breakfasted, where I met the old president of the college, who is eighty. Had a yarn with Mr. Richmond, and then we both had a talk with the students till 10.30, when I started for the ship, and had a smoke coming off. Sorry to leave the college.

Extracts.

H.M.S. "ENCOUNTER," OFF MALAGA,
July 15, 1852.

DEAREST FATHER,—I had the happiness of confessing and receiving the Holy Eucharist the day after I wrote to you, as I said I hoped to do. . . . There is a Catholic marine on board. I have lent the Clifton Tracts, and he is delighted with them. . . . The education at the college is free, especially for educating priests, who have to take an oath that they will only serve in England. We have joined Admiral Dundas's squadron, and now we are about 13 vessels—3 three-deckers, 2 two-deckers, 2 frigates, 2 steamers, and our 4 screw do. . . . Mr. Richmond calls me one of Dr. Grant's children. . . . I was at vespers at the college last Sunday, and Low Mass in the morning. We sailed on Monday, and passed through the Gut last night.

July 21, 1852, *Cruising off Malaga*.— . . . I think I told you that I was stationed in the signals, which consists in keeping a sharp look-out on the flagship's movements and signals, which duty keeps me on deck all day. I should like to have more time to myself. . . . Was obliged to stick up for Queen Mary this evening. . . . Good-bye, dearest father. Pray for me. Give my love to all my dear relations, friends in particular, also the enemy portion, if you come across them, not forgetting Catholic friends, the dear Bishop of Southwark, &c., &c.

July 27.—The "Encounter" is now stationed on the weather beam of the Admiral, and we repeat all signals made by him, which keeps me well employed. Some of the manœuvres we go through are beautiful sights, and are quite a compensation for coming out here. . . . I will give you a list of the squadron, which I don't think I have done as yet. . . . I hope to be home in three weeks. I should like very much to go to Lisbon on the way home, to see the college—rather the inhabitants. They were so very kind to me when I was there. . . . I hear they

have had another flare-up in the Burmese Empire. Luard is certain of his post rank, I should say ; at any rate, I hope so. . . . We have lots of bathing when it is calm, and we have a large dog who always goes overboard with all hands, and he attempts to bite you in the water, but, by splashing him, he very soon hauls off. He very nearly drowned a soldier officer at Lisbon, though. He lost his presence of mind when the dog was coming at him.

From Rev. L. Richmond to Hon. W. T. Law.

ENGLISH COLLEGE, LISBON, *August 18, 1852.*

MY DEAR SIR,—Your much esteemed favour of the 23d ult. has been duly received. You had evidently promised yourself that it would arrive at Lisbon before the close of the month ; and you will not be a little surprised to learn that it did not find its way hither before the 4th inst. From this you will see that we could not exactly comply with your pious and edifying request. We have done so, however, substantially, and have all from the first to the last gone through the novena for the object specified. The novena commenced so as to finish on the Festival of the Assumption, on which day it was taken up by a pious community of Brigatine nuns, who have been living side by side with us almost ever since the persecutions under Queen Elizabeth. It now only remains to hope that Heaven will graciously listen to our combined prayer, and grant you the boon you have so much at heart, the only thing wanting to make your family thoroughly Catholic. Your son Augustus was treated here with no more kindness than he deserved. He was at home on his very first introduction. His guileless confidence and child-like docility soon won for him the favour and affection of all at the college. His stay in the Tagus was but short. We promise ourselves a longer stay on his return from the Mediterranean. Pardon me if I correct a little mistake into which you have fallen in addressing me as president. Unfortunately we are now without one. Our

last president—Dr. Winstanley—we consigned to the grave last Sunday. He was in his 80th year when he died, sixty-five of which he had spent in this college, having governed it as president thirty-five years. His death was holy in the extreme, as his life had been that of a saint. “Qualis vita, finis ita.” You will easily imagine that the loss of such a president is severely felt by us; and we now only pray that his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman may be happy in his choice of a future one, for to him belongs the nomination. Should you soon see Father Wells of the Oratory, you would greatly oblige me by telling him that his letter from Paris is now in my possession, and that I am on the eve of sailing for Madeira, where I expect to spend a few weeks. If on my return there is anything in which I can render you any service here, pray do not hesitate to let me know; and believe me to be yours very truly in Christ,

L. RICHMOND.

N.B.—*July 9, 1852*, is the last entry in a manuscript book of Augustus Law's Diary, ending at that date; but on arriving at the last pages of the same book, the Editor was agreeably surprised to find, under date February 11, 1852, when Augustus Law was on his voyage from Trincomalee to the Cape of Good Hope, and not then a member of the Catholic Church, a copy in his handwriting of the “Rules of St. Benedict,” seventy-two in number; and also a copy of the “Map of the Roman Catholic Church,” “the trunk of the tree being the line of the Popes; the branches, the different branches of that Church; the branches supposed to be falling are heresies, &c.” Augustus Law added, “I saw this map at M. Barbe's house” (*i.e.*, at Singapore). Also on one of the last pages of the same book is found the following entry in A. Law's handwriting, who was then a midshipman:—“It would be a profitable thing to fix on a text every evening for meditating upon, and directing your course by on the ensuing day.”

Extracts.

H.M.S. "ENCOUNTER," SPITHEAD,

September 1, 1852, 8 P.M.

DEAREST FATHER,—Here I am again, and, thanks to God, very well. . . . I should like to try about leave as soon as possible, as Twit and Baba go so soon to the convent. If we are to be paid off, I must wait till then. I am very glad old Helen is enjoying herself on the Rhine. How very kind of Miss Gladstone to take her. Will you send me a copy of your letter to Harborne? . . . Will you say a "Memorare" for my intention when you get this, and I will do the same for you to-day. . . . So poor old Frank is not a Catholic yet.

September 22, 1852.—I suppose that old Frank will eventually become a Catholic. He cannot go to Mass every Sunday, neglecting his own place of worship, much longer, without being so, I should imagine. . . . If a midshipman in passing for a lieutenant, goes through with full numbers for navigation and gunnery, and with first-class certificate for seamanship, he gets his commission at once as lieutenant. I never knew this before. I think those things ought to be made more public. I must try my best for it now.

September 22, 1852.—I quite see the advantage of joining the "Excellent," trying for commission, inasmuch as it keeps me at home a year, and I am quite willing and happy to follow your will. I ought more especially to like it now, as I see very clearly what God's will is. And so, dearest papa, I make up my mind to it. . . . I am very glad the Peer has written such a kind letter. . . . I hope Mr. Butt is better. Have you heard whether he is or not?

September 23, 1852.—Through Captain Chad's kindness, I am going to be *lent* to the "Excellent" till further orders. . . . I go on board the "Excellent" to-morrow morning, and commence studies at once. I shall have twenty-six whole days to work in, not including Sundays. . . . I expect if Captain Chads had not been here, I might have whistled for the "Excellent."

There is a lieutenant on board there, who was a messmate of mine in the "Hastings." He has offered me the run of his cabin, which is extremely jolly, is it not? First Lieutenant of "Electra" is a Catholic. One Sunday I give up exclusively to Ryde, and finding dear Butt.

Diary Extracts.

"EXCELLENT," *Monday, September 27, 1852.*

Went to confession, Friday evening. . . . Went to Low Mass at nine. High Mass at eleven, and vespers at four, then came off to dinner, which is at six on Sundays here.

Wednesday, 29th September.—Sancte Michael, defende nos in prælio, ut non pereamur in tremendo iudicio.

Monday, October 11, 1852.—Received long letter from Hancock, very nice. Hancock tells me he is likely to winter in Portsmouth Harbour. I hope he will, as I should much like to see him.

Saturday, October 16, 1852.—The anniversary of my dear mother's death. "Requiescat in pace." Went to our church last night as usual, being Friday night. Rosary and Litany of the B. V. M., and then night prayers. Had a short talk with Mr. Kelly, and then came off.

When kept on board from Mass on Sundays, duty coming in the way, read below.

N.B.—A long extract follows from Life of St. Teresa.

Extracts.

H.M.S. "EXCELLENT," PORTSMOUTH,
October 20, 1852.

DEAREST FATHER,— . . . I like the pamphlet very much, and on Sunday sent it to Mr. Kelly. On Monday I called on Mr. Kelly, who I found reading it. I sat down with him talking for two hours. The more I see of him the more I like him. I fully explained to him about ——'s judgment on apostolical succession. . . . I was introduced to Captain Jerningham

by Mr. Kelly last Sunday after Mass, and also to Mr. Cholmondely, first lieutenant of "Electra," who, I told you, is a Catholic.

October 22, 1852.

DEAREST FATHER,—Thank you for your congratulations, but more especially for your kindness in offering up the Holy Eucharist for me on my birthday. I received also one from dear little Twitty, in which she enclosed a print of my dear patron saint, St. Aloysius. . . . I am so very glad that Aunt Lizzy has been so good. I hope Aunt Lou will follow her example. When you go into London, dearest papa, and if you should happen to go into Burns', will you get me a vesper book?

H.M.S. "EXCELLENT," *October 28, 1852.*

MY DEAREST FATHER,—I have passed all right, and of course am very jolly at it. But unfortunately I just got half a cross too much to entitle me to a first-class. I got five crosses, and four-and-a-half would have entitled me to a first-class certificate. . . . You know, dearest father, I go up in seamanship this day week, and the college the following week. . . . I finished my examination at five o'clock this evening. There were fifteen of us altogether, and only two missed stays.

H.M.S. "EXCELLENT," *November 21, 1852.*

I think I am the first to inform you that a review has been taken of your letter. At least I think I heard you say at home that you had not seen one. (Extract from "Weekly Telegraph" of October 30, 1852, copied in his letter.)

Extracts.

H.M.S. "EXCELLENT," *Monday, December 6, 1852.*

DEAREST FATHER,—I just write to say good-bye, for a few days, as I suppose you are going into retreat on Thursday. I had a Sunday of Sundays yesterday. I don't think I ever spent

a more pleasant one. I went on shore at 8.30, and to the first Mass at nine. Then breakfast, and at eleven the second or the *Music Mass*. We can't call it exactly High Mass. At three had some dinner; at four vespers and benediction. After that, over to Gosport side, and vespers. Sermon and benediction at six. The priest is an Italian at Gosport, and does not speak much better than Father Ferrara, although he has been in England twenty years. However, he preached a very good and impressive sermon on the Judgment. . . . Give my best love to May and Chassa. May God's blessing attend you in your retreat, and believe me, dearest father, to be your most affectionate son,

AUGUSTUS.

Extracts from Diary.

H.M.S. "EXCELLENT," Friday, December 10, 1852.

I cannot say anything for myself, for having been so long silent, when so many things of consequence have happened. Since I last wrote I have become a mate in Her Majesty's Service. Have commenced learning the fiddle (*alias* violin.) Have taken lodgings on shore, and formed a resolution, about two days ago, of giving them up again. Have joined the "Encounter" and come back again; have been on a week's leave, and many other things of lesser note than the above. However, as it is now 10.15 P.M., I must shut up with saying that I am more rejoiced at becoming a member of the Holy Catholic Church than ever, and may God make me thankful for His great blessings.

Saturday, December 18, 1852.—I received a letter from my dear father this morning. He had come out of retreat on Thursday. He told me he would defer his description of his retreat to another day, and talked of the "dear, good Redemptorists," which shows, I think, that he was not miserable there. I hope to make a retreat of from three to seven days in my month's leave. May it be a good one. . . . My father has actually commenced writing for my promotion

already. He sent me a copy of his letter to Sir T. Herbert. I got a first-class certificate in seamanship. . . . I passed at college on the 11th November, and got, I think, 249 numbers out of 270, not very well. I made a great mull of the arithmetic sheet, but did the navigation quite right, I think. I missed a first-class certificate in gunnery by half a cross. On the evening of 11th November I went up to London, and stayed there till 17th, when I went down to Winchester with the good Bishop of Southwark. Admiral Briggs died here on Thursday, having only been taken ill a few days. He was very much lamented here. Poor old Admiral Austen died on the 7th October, at Rome, of cholera.

Extracts.

*Copy from W. T. Law to Sir Thomas Herbert, K.C.B., &c.,
a Lord of the Admiralty.*

22 KENSINGTON CRESCENT, December 17th, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR THOMAS HERBERT,—Should the resignation of ministers be the result of last night's division, might I entertain a hope of my son Augustus Henry Law being promoted to the rank of lieutenant, previous to the resignation of the present Board of Admiralty? From the Whigs he can have nothing to hope. Although only a mate of this year, yet my son has been nearly seven years in the service, having entered at twelve years old, and had consequently to wait nearly a year before he was of an age to pass his examination for the rank of lieutenant, which examination, in the words of the late Admiral Sir Thomas Briggs, he passed "very creditably," having obtained a first-class certificate in seamanship, and having had the highest testimonials from the five captains under whom he has served. Perhaps I may add that it was at the suggestion of my brother, Lord Ellenborough, when he was at the Admiralty, that I placed him in the navy. . . . I should feel myself most deeply indebted to you if you could procure his promotion from the First Lord of the Admiralty, who I think might not be unfavourably disposed towards

the nephew of a predecessor in the office he holds, and to one who is also related, by the marriage of his aunts, to the late Admiral Lord Colville, *and the present Lord Colchester.*

Sir Thomas Herbert to W. T. Law.

ADMIRALTY, December 18th, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your note of yesterday reached me this evening, and soon after I placed it in the hands of the Duke, stating how gratefully obliged you would be if he could meet your wishes.—Very truly yours,

T. HERBERT.

His Grace, the then First Lord of the Admiralty, did *not* earn the gratitude of Augustus Law's father; for he left office without promoting his son. It must be remembered, however, that the outgoing government to which the Duke belonged, was of an *orange* colour; that Augustus Law's conversion was well known; and his desire to become a priest of the Catholic Church more than suspected.

Extracts from Diary.

On the first page of diary for 1853 (in which book are, however, some entries for 1852), under date January 9th, 1853, Portsmouth, is found the following in Augustus's handwriting:—

Private.

Dedicated to Saints Aloysius and Francis Xavier, under the patronage of our Blessed Lady.

Sancta Maria Ora pro me,
Sancte Aloysie Ora pro me.



Grant me, O Lord, this favour, that I may never write anything in this book which is not truth, that I may never write evil of another, or good of myself, and that whilst I write I may con-

tinually think that Thou, my beginning, and last end, seest me. Grant me this for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

Diary Extracts.

H.M.S. "EXCELLENT," PORTSMOUTH,
December 22, 1852.

After Divisions at 9 A.M. I proceeded on Christmas leave. Called on Mr. Kelly when I got on shore, and had an hour's talk with him. Inquired for my commission at the Admiral Superintendent's office, but it was not there. . . . Started by eleven o'clock train, twenty-five minutes late at Waterloo. Bus'd to the Crescent, where I found May, Fred, and Dindin. The two latter had just arrived from Oscott. They bring intelligence that poor Dr. Moore was very ill. Fred, Dindin, and myself walked to meet our father, Frank, and Chassa, who had been to see Twit and Baba at the convent. . . . Papa went to Compline. He gave me a description of his retreat in the evening.

December 24, 1852, Christmas Eve.—Walked with Fred and Dindin to Henry Heneage, who is chaplain to the Convent of the Good Shepherd at Hammersmith. We dined at six. At eleven, papa, Frank, and myself started to go to the midnight Mass at Hammersmith. We got home a little before one. What a beautiful thing the midnight Mass is! But papa talks of the services at Boulogne on the same occasion being so much superior when he was there, and that the nocturns were sung as well.



Saturday, Christmas Day, 1852.—"Lætentur Cœli, et exultet Terra, ante faciem Domini quoniam venit," says Holy Church, or rather she quotes it from the 95th Psalm, and may we all rejoice. Papa, Fred, Dindin, and I went to Low Mass at 7.30. May also went. We all received the Blessed Sacrament. There were a tremendous number of communicants. We went again to the eleven o'clock (music) Mass. Mr. Butt preached a good sermon on the "Song of Angels." . . . Farm Street for 3.30. Vespers and benediction. They sang "Adeste Fideles" *beautifully, really*. Met Captain Jerningham coming out. . . . A much happier

Christmas day than last, and I thank God for it. May Christ be born anew in us all. "Gloria in Excelsis Deo."

Thursday, December 30, 1852.—Went into London with Twitty. First went to ten o'clock Mass at Farm Street. Then to Burns's, and bought a "Golden Manual" for the Catholic marine on board the "Excellent."

Friday, December 31.—Went to confession at Farm Street. Imagine the Jesuits are the best directors, at least judging from my very limited experience, which is very limited indeed. Left my rosary with Father Mahon to be blessed. Started for the Oratory (King William Street), and got there in good time, but we were rather astonished at there being nothing else but benediction. Well, that was quite worth going a great distance for, but we expected more.

1853.—Thanks be to God for all His mercies to me during the past year, and ever since I was born; and above all for bringing me to his own Most Holy Catholic Apostolic Church. Thanks, thanks be for ever to Him for all His great mercies. Oh, all ye saints, and above all, my dear mother, join with me in hearty thanks to God, the merciful and gracious God.

Saturday, January 1, 1853.—Received H. C. at Hammer-smith. After breakfast Twit and myself went to St. George's Cathedral to High Mass. The good Bishop of Southwark gave a short exhortation. After High Mass we went into the Bishop's Palace, and had a quarter of an hour's talk with the good bishop. Then to Chesterfield Street, where we saw old Grantham, Mrs. and the young Yorkes, and Isabella Montgomery. Farm Street, vespers and benediction at 3.30. Dined at six. Magic lantern, Christmas tree, properly called "The Tree of the Child Jesus."

Sunday, January 2, 1853.—Papa, Frank, Dindin, and I went to High Mass at Fulham. Dr. Fergusson preached a very good sermon. . . . At the end he exhorted all to attend at vespers and benediction, and to join in the "Te Deum" for all the blessings of the past year. Pater, Fred, Dindin, and myself went to vespers there in the afternoon. Dr. Fergusson gave a short

exhortation again after vespers. He is a splendid preacher, and very earnest in his manner. Met Father Ferrara, by the bye, going to mass in the morning. Frank is gazetted as Second Lieutenant in R.A., commission bearing date, December 22d.

January 3, 1853.—Started for Waterloo Station. Left at 5.30; arrived at 8.30. Walked to the "Excellent's" house of call, and went on board the ship in the nine o'clock boat. Thus ends my Christmas leave.

Extracts.

H.M.S. "EXCELLENT,"

Sunday within Octave of Epiphany, 1853.

DEAREST FATHER,— . . . I am very glad Father Rowe is all right again. . . . After High Mass to-day I went to Southsea Castle, and saw Bob Newbolt. . . . Digby is going to take orders soon, and the Bishop of Rochester is going to do something for him in the way of livings. . . . I see old Helen is talking of coming home soon after Epiphany. If she does come when she says, I shall tell her she "funked" lent in a Catholic country. Fancy eighty-nine Masses in Munich Cathedral on Christmas day. "Little Cockey" mentioned in Ramsden's letter is "Mould," late First Lieutenant of "Amazon." That was his nickname. He keeps his opinions to himself on your letter. . . . I have sent my letter to Father Richmond. . . .

H.M.S. "EXCELLENT," PORTSMOUTH,

January 25, 1853.

DEAREST FATHER,— . . . I am very glad the prayers of the Oratory have been offered up a third time for poor old Frank. . . . I tried last night to get the "United Service Gazette" in order to send it to you, but they were all gone. I saw it in Bob Newbolt's mess-room on Sunday. It said that a Lieutenant Bathurst, R.N., grandson of the late Bishop of Norwich, had been received on New Year's Day at St. Peter's. He is a lieutenant of 1850; but I don't know him. . . . I believe there is another, too, who went with him out there, J. T. M. Nicholl, a lieutenant also, and about the same standing. He is also received; at least this last

I heard on board here. He was a lieutenant here, and left for the continent just before I joined. . . . They say he is going to join here again. That would be very jolly for me. I hope he will.

Extracts from Diary.

Monday, January 10, 1853.—Commenced reading C. Wiseman's lectures on our beloved Church again. Went on shore at six o'clock ; paid for my lodging. . . . What waste of money taking those lodgings was. . . . How foolish I was for taking them. . . . Off at nine. Happier by far am I now than I was this time last year. *Deo gratias ! Deo gratias !*

Wednesday, January 12, 1853.—Passed out of the third instructions to-day, but very badly. It happened thus : On Monday the instructor said to me, "You must pass out to-morrow, sir." He said it, good man, I dare say, supposing I wanted to do so. The fact was, I was not at all ready, so should have waited, if I had been left to myself for at least a week. Well, in a don't-care foolish sort of way, and thinking it very grand not to care whether I was turned back or not, I said, "All right," and so tried to-day, there being no opportunity yesterday (perhaps luckily for me) for passing out. I tried to-day, and through kindness of the passing lieutenant alone I was passed. But he said to me afterwards, "I ought not, strictly speaking, to have passed you out ; you made such and such mistakes," &c. There, look there, Augustus ! Pride again ! Pride again ! "A haughty spirit before a fall," has been verified pretty well in you. What will Protestants think ? Is that setting a good example, as you *should* do ? What does your guardian angel think of you, and what, above all, does Almighty God ? Answer that question. Pray—yes, pray—for your conversion from that detestable vice, pride, the very same sin that sent Satan out of heaven. O God, forgive me this sin for Thy dear Son's sake, and grant that this fall may be a lesson to me. Amen. . . . Received "Catholic Standard." . . . There was a short description of the late American Bishop's confirmation in the Holy Church. He re-

ceived Holy Communion from the holy father himself. He is the first Protestant bishop that has abjured his errors since the Reformation ; may he not be the last.

H.M.S. "EXCELLENT," PORTSMOUTH.

Tuesday, January 25, 1853.—On Saturday I was on duty, so did not go on shore, having exchanged duties, so I got Sunday all clear. Went on shore at 8.30 as usual on Sunday, and received H. C. After High Mass walked towards Southsea Castle to see Bob Newbolt, but met him on the common. Vespers at four. Afterwards went over to Gosport. Vespers and benediction.

Thursday, February 3, 1853.—Little Alfred being very ill on Saturday last, I went up to London by the four o'clock train *via* Brighton, third class, and got home about 10 P.M. . . . Little Alfred was a little better. Went to Low and High Mass at Hammersmith, and then Pater, Frank, and myself walked over to the convent. Found Twitty and Augusta very well. Left London by the third-class in the six train, South Coast. Slept at O'Conner's, and went on board at 8 A.M. Monday. To-day I received a letter from Pater saying that Chassa was much worse, and that old Helen had arrived on Monday.

Friday, February 4, 1853.—Received a letter saying little Chassa was "no more." "Requiescat in pace." My poor father and May were very much distressed. Want me to come up on Tuesday to stay till Thursday. Wrote in the evening to my father and dear Dr. Grant. Passed out of the fourth instruction. *Fiat voluntas Dei sicut in cœlo et in terra.*

Friday, February 11, 1853.—On Saturday last I asked Sir W. Wiseman for leave from Sunday evening to Wednesday, which he kindly gave me. I went on shore in plain clothes on Sunday morning. H.C. After vespers I started for the station, not having time to wait for benediction. Train started at 5.10 P.M. ; arrived in London at 9.10 ; travelled third-class. Found my dear father, poor May, and dearest Helen. Poor May was very, very miser-

able. Went to holy Mass next morning. "He was taken away lest wickedness should alter his understanding or deceit beguile his soul"—a text the dear Bishop of Southwark quoted, writing to my father on the death of happy little Chassa. Went to Burns's and bought the "Annals of the Propagation of the Faith," also the "Following of Christ."

On Tuesday, a little after eleven, we started for the funeral. We were papa, May, Frank, and myself. Helen and Miss Gladstone had gone in the latter's carriage. Poor May was dreadfully affected, and I was afraid something serious might happen, but *Deo gratias*, all went well. I went in Miss Gladstone's carriage to Paddington. Started by 2 P.M. train for Twyford; walked over to the Hawthorn's, and arranged with Mrs. Law that May should come there next day and stay a few days for a change of air and scene.

On Ash-Wednesday, went to the ten o'clock Mass and received the ashes. Went to Chelsea with papa to see about little Chassa's tombstone, and then attended Compline at Farm Street.

"Jesu, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast,
But sweeter far Thy face to see
And in Thy presence rest."

(Augustus no doubt entered this verse in his diary because he knew it was constantly repeated by his little six-year-old brother, "Chassa," and he added—ED.)

"Little Chassa, happy angel,
Remember me."

7.20 P.M. started for Waterloo Station. Off to the "Excellent" about two o'clock. Yesterday wrote to Hancock in answer to his asking me to join his brig. I should like to join very much, but as my father is so very much against my going to sea, I am afraid there is little chance of my going.

First Sunday in Lent, Feb. 13, 1853.—Went on shore at my usual time. H. C. Made acquaintance with Witham, a Catholic

marine cadet. He seems to be a very nice fellow. He received Holy Communion. I am very happy to have made acquaintance with him.

Saturday, Feb. 19, 1853.—I finished my three months' examination, and was told the report would be sent in "Good," so (*D. V.*) shall obtain my leave all right. I intend going on leave (*D. V.*) on the 1st of March. Went to compline and benediction on Wednesday night. Last night I went to rosary, &c., at seven and c^d.

Thursday, February 24, 1853.—Dined with Fr. Kelly on Tuesday. Had tea at his house last night with Fr. Telford of Ryde. Heard that the dear bishop had passed through here. Fr. Telford has offered me a bed any day I like to go over there.

Friday, February 25, 1853.—Passed out of the "Wooden Gun" to-day, but not out of the "Mortar." Went on shore at six. Rosary, &c., at our church. Bought seven Prayer-Books for "the faithful" of the "Excellent." Came off at nine.

Tuesday, March 1, 1853, Kensington Crescent.—On Sunday dined with Mr. Gibbs. Fr. Kelly was there. Returned on board at eleven. On Monday left for London by 6.15 train on leave. Travelled third-class. Did not arrive home till 12.15. Cold night. I was alone in the carriage all the way up.

Friday, March 4, 1853.—Wrote to the Superior of the Redemptorists to ask when it would be convenient to receive me to make a retreat.

Saturday, March 12.—Last Saturday walked to Farm Street. Attended the novena of St. F. Xavier. A very good sermon. C^d to Mahon and walked home. On Sunday after High Mass at Hammersmith, at which the Bishop of Troy preached, I walked over to Roehampton, and saw little Twitty and Augusta. Pater, May, Helen, and I went to Fulham Church in the evening. . . . Fulham Church is a very pretty little church, about the same style as Mortlake. On Tuesday, in the morning, I called upon Henry Heneage, had an hour's yarn with him. In the evening went with Pater to the cardinal's soirée. Met Mr. Baines belonging to the English college at Lisbon. I was very glad to see him. On

Wednesday took two of my father's Harborne letters to Mr. Baines at the hotel in Manchester Square. Went for a short time in the church in Spanish Place. Bought "Manual of St. Vincent of Paul" at Burns's. Went to Chelsea Cemetery, and saw the stone over little Chassa's grave. On Thursday went to Woolwich. Dined with dear Frank and slept in his quarters. Nine o'clock Mass on Friday morning at St. Peter's. Fine church. Feast of the Most Precious Blood of our dear Lord. Left by train after walking over the dockyard. To-day walked with Helen into London. Came in for the end of the Litany of the Saints after the deposition of the Blessed Sacrament. Walked to Southwark to see the dear bishop. Walked back. Picked up Helen, and walked home. Went to Mr. Butt after dinner.

Monday, March 14, 1853.—Low Mass at 7.30 at Hammer-smith. High Mass at Chelsea with Pater. Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament commenced. F. Ferrera preached a beautiful sermon. Walked home. With Helen at 5.30 to Chelsea Church.

Subsequently Augustus must have gone into Retreat, as the next entry but one in the diary gives a detailed account of the "order of retreat at Clapham," from 5 A.M. till 9.30 P.M.

Mem.—Write to Father Coffin on the 8th or 9th of April.

(Here follow nine pages of closely-written manuscript, containing extracts from Latin and English authors, on "Mode of deliberating concerning choosing a state of Life.")—ED.

Novena for Frank's conversion to commence on April 3d. Devotions, "Memorare." 5. Nôtre Dame des Victoires, priez pour nous.

Arrived at Portsmouth 1 A.M., April 4th; went on board at 7 A.M.

To the greater glory of God.

A short Rule of Life for the "Excellent."

6.30, rise and dress, not forgetting to make the sign of the cross, directly I awake, and let the first words uttered be "Jesus," "Mary." [They were his *last* words written in pencil, in his last letter to his father from Umzila's Kraal, South Africa, on the Zambesi Mission, a short time before his death.—Ed.] Offer myself and all that belongs to me to God, and make acts of faith, hope, charity, contrition, and thanksgiving. Whilst washing and dressing, repeat the De Profundis, Miserere, Gloria in Excelsis, or any other psalms or prayers I know. After being dressed, let me go up in the study, or in as retired a place as I can, and say my prayers; and let them be from the heart. Let the Litany of the Holy Name, or other litany, be said amongst them. A little before 7.30, let me make a spiritual communion, and then make my meditation, . . . as Father Coffin used to make it with me. At eight, breakfast. On fast and abstinence days, no butter. Let me be as temperate as I can, and always offer up something to Jesus. After breakfast till 8.30, meditate again on the same subject, or some devotions. After divisions, a Pater Noster and Ave Maria, and offer up my duty to God. Make an act of contrition and love of God, and say a Hail Mary every time the bell strikes, if I find I can without detriment to the duty I am engaged in.

At noon, examination of conscience, acts of faith, &c., prayers for the dead, page 544, "Golden Manual." Offerings of the precious blood, with hymn, novenas, &c. When that is finished, spiritual reading or lives of the saints. At 1 P.M., as at "after divisions," see above. From a quarter to four till 4.30, meditate for ten minutes on the same subject as morning, and then spiritual reading or lives of the saints. After dinner till six free time. Six to seven, Latin. Seven till eight, free time letters, &c.

On Fridays instead of the offerings, &c. . . . the seven words on ✠

Saturdays, Seven Dolours of Mary.

Thursdays, Devotions to B. S.

Tuesday, Rosary of the Sacred Heart.

Eight till 8.30 tea. 8.30 to 9.30, Euclid, gunnery, &c. 9.30 to ten, rosary. Ten to 10.30, spiritual reading, night prayers and bed.

When I am first on, *i.e.*, four to six, and middle. Six to seven, dinner and free time. Seven till eight, spiritual reading and night prayers. Eight, bed.

When I have six to eight watch. If I can manage, the rosary in the six to eight watch. 9.30 to ten, Latin.

Extracts.

H.M.S. EXCELLENT,

Monday Evening, April 13th, 1853.

DEAREST FATHER,— I have been going on quietly enough here since I have been back. I manage on the average about an hour's Latin a day. My wish to become a priest is just the same as ever, and I wish the time was come when I could be off. I wrote to F. Coffin on Thursday, I think it was, and I expect an answer to-morrow. . . . I sat with Captain Jerningham for an hour last night. He comes on board every day, as he is learning the new dodges in gunnery. . . . No news of the "Hastings" yet. Forty-two days from Ascension to-day. We were thirty-eight. Of course she is expected hourly.

P.S.—I want to suggest something in the way of praying for Frank's conversion, viz., that every one of us should write to the Catholics we know, and get them to say the Memorare, and some other little prayer or hymn, such as "Salve Regina," "Ave Maria Stella," or a certain number of "Our Lady of Victories, pray for us," to be said right through the month of May. If each of us were to write, or ask even *ten* to join in, there would be a

good many praying to our Blessed Lady. And what may we not hope for in the month of May! If you are willing to direct it, fix on what besides the "Memorare" is to be said, and write to me, and I will write to Fred, Victor, Twit, and Augusta, and those at home to get their respective people to join in. I hope to get a good many down here, and I will write to a good many more.

Extracts.

H.M.S. "EXCELLENT,"

Tuesday Evening, April 19, 1853.

DEAREST FATHER,—I now send you a copy of my intended letter to the Peer. Tell me anything you disapprove of in it, and please say a Hail Mary for its good success. Thank you very much, dearest father, for making a memento of me in the Holy Mass, and recommending me to holy St. Joseph. I enclose you a Litany of St. Joseph sent me by F. Coffin. I have copied it in my diary, so you may keep it.

H.M.S. "EXCELLENT,"

Sunday Afternoon, April 24, 1853.

DEAREST FATHER,—You asked me what "on the water" had become of the "Hastings?" "Spithead" can now inform you, for she arrived this morning. If I had not been on duty I should have gone on board. . . . I have written a letter of congratulation to Aunt Lou, &c. I shall be very glad indeed to see them all. Send Onslow a copy of your letter, and to Walter Burke, Paymaster, for he is a Catholic. I have only one spare one belonging to me, and I dare say I shall give that to one of them. I shall write the letter to the Peer to-morrow, or perhaps to-night. I intend writing to F. Coffin some day this week, I think after the Peer's answer arrives.

H.M.S. "EXCELLENT,"

Monday Night, 27th April 1853, Dear Helen's Birthday.

DEAREST FATHER,—I enclose copy of my letter to the Peer. Yesterday, at five in the evening, I went on board the old

"Hastings" and remained till nine. All the fellows were very well, Heneage, Davidson, and all. I shall go on board again to-morrow evening. I was so delighted to see them. Old Onslow was just the same as ever. I did not get much of an opportunity of talking to him alone, but he walked through the dockyard with me. He seemed very glad that you were getting on comfortably, and told me that HE WAS EXTREMELY ANXIOUS TO SEE YOU AND TALK WITH YOU, as you were an older hand at it than he was, and that he had NEVER HAD AN OPPORTUNITY OF LOOKING INTO THOSE THINGS. I was sorry that I had no more time that evening to spend with him, but I hope to see him and have a long talk with him to-morrow, as also with Burke (the Purser), a Catholic, who said he had lots to say to me. But really, dear father, you *must* see what you can do with Onslow. He has asked me for your direction, which of course I am going to give him. He is not married, which is, I think, a great impediment out of the way. It is the month of May too. His father is not a kind of man that would influence him in the religious line at all . . . I want very much to see what the Peer will say. Give my best love to dearest May and Helen, to whom I wish many, many happy returns of the day. I wish my probation was over and I was off, but I suppose I must not be impatient. . . . All the "Hastings'" mates are in rather a funk of the examinations.

Copy—To Lord Ellenborough in Augustus Law's writing.

H.M.S. "EXCELLENT," PORTSMOUTH,
April 27, 1853.

MY DEAR UNCLE,—I believe it to be my duty to inform you of something which may very much surprise you at first, which is my having formed a resolution of becoming a priest. Perhaps it will not be out of the way to mention the circumstances that have led me to desire to become one. I must first commence with the time when I was a boy at Somerton school. I had always preferred and wished to be a clergyman, but in February 1846, you

were so kind as to offer my father a cadetship in the navy for me, which, as circumstances had much changed by my dearest mother's death, I accepted. I got on tolerably in the navy, and liked it pretty well, but several times I thought seriously of writing to my father and asking him to take me out of the navy, and educate me for a clergyman, but knowing it would be a great difficulty for my father, in the pecuniary point of view, to educate me at one of the universities, I at last gave the idea up altogether. In May last year I became a Catholic, and in June sailed in the "Encounter." When at Lisbon, I visited the college where some English students prepare for priesthood. I then contrasted their life with a life on board a man-of-war, and thought I should much prefer the former. The desire occupied my mind constantly then, and from time to time afterwards, till, when I was on leave the other day, I thought it was high time to decide either for one or the other, and so having recommended the matter earnestly to God, I decided finally upon becoming one, and then told my father of my wish. He wished me to wait for six or eight months that I might be quite sure that my mind was quite made up before I left my present profession, and consequently, according to my father's wish, I am still in the "Excellent," preparing for the usual examination (mates have to pass) on leaving the ship. I am well aware how greatly you, and others of my kind relations, will disapprove of my leaving the navy, but having well reflected, and at length decided upon its being more conducive to my eternal interests that I should become a priest, I must only be sorry that it should be displeasing to my dear relations. In conclusion, dear uncle, I must thank you heartily now, and hope I shall always be grateful, for your very great kindness to me ever since I have been in the navy. Of course I cannot expect that you would continue the allowance you have for the last seven years made to me, after my leaving the navy. My dear uncle, I am convinced that the great object of life is to prepare to die, and I wish to do it in the best possible way, and believe me to be, your most affectionate nephew,

AUGUSTUS H. LAW.

From the Earl of Ellenborough to Augustus Law.

113 EATON SQUARE,
April 28, 1853.

MY DEAR AUGUSTUS,—I certainly am very sorry to hear that you think of leaving the navy in order to become a priest. A man may be good and do good to others by his advice and example in whatever situation he may be placed, and the more he is brought into communication with large numbers of persons exposed to great temptations, the more good he may do, by showing that they can be effectually resisted. I doubt whether any priest was ever a better man than Lord Collingwood, and you will not easily find one better than Captain Chads. Solitude and celibacy, although they may diminish in some cases the number of bad actions, may not impose restraint upon bad thoughts, and God knows men's thoughts, and will judge them by those, as well as by their actions. You are making a great mistake as to happiness here, without at all improving your chance of happiness hereafter.

—Yours affectionately,

ELLENBOROUGH.

Extracts.

H.M.S. "EXCELLENT," 1853.
(Date uncertain.)

DEAREST FATHER,—I like the Catholic lieutenant very well. He is a very good, fervent Catholic, I think. . . . Last Sunday, after High Mass, I went over to Ryde and saw the Jesuit Captain Wood; for he still draws his half-pay. He has very bad health. He will not be able to continue in his course of theology for the present. . . . I see by the "Tablet" that the Oratory closes in a few days. What a loss for the poor creatures that live near it! How will it be for you? Do they meet somewhere else?

P.S.—I think it is right to tell you, dearest father, that I feel drawn to the religious life much more than to the secular, and to the Redemptorists in particular, because I believe I should be

more fitted for that order than any other. You may think me rather quick in almost deciding already, but I have thought a good deal on it. I have not enough decision of character for a secular priest, and should, I think, always get on better through obedience, than in ordering, &c. Perhaps, having read that small book by St. Alphonsus on the religious state, you can understand my feelings. Pray for me, dearest father.

Extracts.

H.M.S. "EXCELLENT,"

Wednesday, May 4, 1853.

DEAREST FATHER,—The "Hastings" pays off to-morrow (Ascension Day). Heneage is already up in London. . . . I hope you will see Onslow. I gave him your direction. . . . We have the church open every evening from 6 to 7.30., and benediction and compline on Friday nights. . . . Certainly the Peer's letter was kind and free enough from bigotry. . . . I wrote to F. Coffin on Monday night, and told him what the Peer said. I hope to be able to hear Mass to-morrow morning. I am going to ask leave at any rate.

P.S.—Has Frank said anything about Catholicity lately? . . . Pray for me. . . . Burke is much obliged for the letter you sent him. Onslow too.

H.M.S. "EXCELLENT," *11th May.*

DEAREST FATHER,— . . . Shall I be free when I am at that college* to enter any of the religious orders, should I wish after two or three years to do so? From your description of the college I should like it very well indeed, supposing what I have said above to be the case. I give about an hour a day to Latin generally. But I am not always able to do so in consequence of my other duties in the "Excellent" line. I should like extremely to go with Manning to Rome, but I am afraid I

* Cardinal Wiseman had offered to send Augustus to the English College at Rome.

could not get through the "Excellent" in that time. I enclose Henry Law's letter. I thought it very kind.

Extracts.

Hon. H. S. Law to Augustus Law.

40 EATON PLACE, May 5, 1853.

MY DEAR AUGUSTUS,—I only heard on Saturday last of your determination to leave the navy and become a priest. I do not write in the hope of dissuading you from that course, but simply lest my total silence should imply indifference as to what became of you. This I can never feel. However deeply I may grieve . . . I lay no blame upon you for following the course which you conscientiously believe to be the right, and only hope that should you hereafter feel any misgiving, you will not be deterred by false shame from acknowledging your change of mind, before you have bound yourself by an irrevocable vow. With the sincerest prayers for your happiness here and hereafter.—Believe me, your ever affectionate uncle,

H. S. LAW.

Extracts.

H.M.S. "EXCELLENT," May 30, 1853.

DEAREST FATHER,— . . . Tell me all about your family party at Aunt Lou's. What a happy one it must have been, all hands having made it up. I am so glad to hear it. What happiness it must be to you, and what thanks we ought to render to Jesus and Mary. How do matters go on with regard to priests, &c., &c? Has the good cardinal said anything lately on the subject. . . . I have been following the Peer's advice, diplomacy, &c., though hereafter it will not, I suppose, be much in my line, except discovering the best manner of getting people to attend to their religious duties. We have benediction the last night of the month of May at our little church.

*Extracts from Diary.**Monday, June 13, 1853.*

Captain Wiseman foul on me for going on shore before divisions, sending a boat off for the Catholic boys, and mentioned my lending books to the boys. I was prepared for the former by what Crozier told me yesterday on shore. But I always had leave from him to go on shore before divisions on Sunday. Arthur, when he was regulator, obtained for me perpetual leave whilst I was in the ship.

June 21, St. Aloysius.

On Saturday walked to Catsfield and dined with Mr. Coffin. Went back with him to Portsmouth by train. Came down in the same carriage with Mould. Received a letter from F. Coffin and his brother this morning. Spent Sunday with Coffin. He left after vespers for home.

*Extracts from a long meditation in Augustus Law's handwriting,
"On the certainty of being either saved or lost."*

June 26, 1853.

St. Philip Neri used to say heaven is not made for the slothful, and let me take care that I do not come under that head. If I have been slothful and idle, seldom exerting myself to do anything for the glory of God, let me arouse myself. Stir thyself up, O my soul! Lament your defects. Beseech God to pardon them, and endeavour to lead for the future a better life. And as, O Lord, following the vocation that Thou hast marked out for me is necessary for my salvation, show me Thy will; I will do it. If I have made a mistake in believing I am called to the priesthood, let it not be too late. Call me back before it is too late, O Lord. But, O Lord, if it is Thy blessed will that I should be one, let me devote myself to Thee more and more, and try to make Thee loved by every one. Give me the graces necessary for such an awful office, and then, O Lord, Thy will be done,

with regard to whether I shall be a regular or a secular, and if I am to be a regular, Thy will be done again with regard to what order—whether Jesuits, Redemptorists, Passionists. Let Thy will be always beloved and sought after by me. Lord, hear my prayer St. Teresa said to her religious:—"One soul, my daughters, one eternity." If one only considered in his heart these words, "One soul, one eternity." What volumes they express. Yes, I have only one soul, and if that is lost all is lost, and for ever, too. How precious ought this soul to be to me then. How careful I am of my body that nothing hurts it, that it never wants for anything; but how differently I behave with regard to my soul. I don't mind my poor soul going through all sorts of dangers, and if it wants food (prayer or meditation), it must wait till it is convenient for the body. How long is it to be this way? One soul, one eternity. Think on these words, and you will say it should be no longer. O my blessed Saviour, forgive my many treasons and infidelities. Come Thyself and feed my soul, spiritually, with the bread of life. Grant that I may not ever be separated from Thee. Mary, my dear mother, intercede for me, and obtain final perseverance for me. St. Joseph, St. Aloysius, St. F. Xavier, St. Peter and Paul, obtain for me the love of God.

June 30, 1853.—I am now hearing poor ignorant messmates talking about nunnery bills. God grant that I may say nothing in anger.

Extracts.

H.M.S. "EXCELLENT," *July 13.*

DEAREST FATHER,— . . . Last Saturday I went over to Ryde and stayed at Mr. Telford's house till Sunday evening. A very nice time I had of it too. . . . Their services are performed so beautifully. I dined at Mrs. Wood's, a convert, and the mother of a Jesuit Father, who was once a captain in the navy.

Extracts from Diary.

Wednesday, July 27, 1853.—On Monday Sir W. Wiseman told me he would allow me to go after instructions till Wednes-

day morning. Arrived home about 11.10 P.M. All my brothers and sisters were at home. Up at five with papa and Helen, with the intention of seeing the good Father Butt sprinkle the building with holy water, but no Father Butt came, so we went on to the Benedictine Convent to hear Holy Mass. The workmen were still going on with the new church when we were there. . . . At 10.30 all of us set out, Frank included, for the new church. We had very good seats. High Mass, "coram Episcopo," was sung a little after eleven, and the cardinal preached a most truly beautiful sermon. Helen was one of the choir. There were about thirty priests present. F. Brownbill was in plain clothes. Henry Heneage was there; also Dr. Ferguson, bishops of Troy, of Hobart Town, and another. . . . After Mass there was a dejeuner. Pater, May, Helen, Twit, and myself went. I met Father Cauty, dear fellow, there. . . . Vespers and benediction at five. We all dined together at seven, the first time since I have arrived in England. . . . The church is a lovely one already. When it is touched up a little it will be, I imagine, one of the prettiest in London. The east window is a beautiful representation of our blessed Lord's passion (Blessed Saviour, give me love), commencing at His agony in the garden, and ending with His being taken down from cross, in all, twelve different scenes. This morning at 7.30, Pater, Helen, Fred, Dindin, and Twit and I went to Holy Mass at the new church. Helen received the Blessed Sacrament. After breakfast Pater and myself 'buss'd to Hungerford Market, where we separated. I came down by the 10.15 train. When at home I fell in with such a beautiful book, written by F. Faber, "All for Jesus." I should have liked so much to have read it through, but time would not allow for it. . . . Oh, my Jesus, give me the kind of love that is treated of in that book! Let me pray and meditate often. Oh love, love, love I want! Pray, Jesus, give it to me; give me a perfect confidence in Thee, and a truly filial affection for your blessed mother Mary. Give me love. Jesus! I repeat, my dear Redeemer, give me love. Let everything I see or think of

make me love Thee more than the moment before. Let my love for thee ever increase, never standing still. When I keep watch, let me give thanks to Thee for having given me solitude to think upon Thee, &c., to see the moon and stars, and praise Thee for Thy works. When I eat, make me, dearest Saviour, to eat moderately, and never be so base as to forget to thank Thee after my meal. . . . When I commence my studies, make me always dedicate it to Thee, and make me work really as hard as I can, that I may try to do my work as much as ever I can to Thy glory. When I am at first quarters make me work hard, and if tired (never mind), go on offering it up to Thee in union with the carrying of Thy heavy cross for obtaining a great love of Thee. . . . O Jesus, I am afraid what I think now will last just to-day, and then I shall be as cold and lukewarm as ever. . . . I know, Jesus, Thou canst do all things; nothing is impossible with Thee. Then, dear Jesus, hearken to my petition, and let my heart be on fire with love for Thee, Jesus, my blessed, dearest, kindest Jesus, give me love for ever. Jesus, when I go overboard to bathe in the morning, let me always ask Thee to wash the dirt of sin from me, and to purify myself internally as well as externally. Glory be to the blessed Jesus for ever and ever. . . . Mary, mother of pure love, you know what I wish to obtain. The very title I have just called you I wish to possess.

Friday Night, July 29, 1853.—Dear mother, my own sweet mother, I have been to confession this evening, and I come to you to ask Jesus for me, that I may be very collected all to-morrow. You know, Mary, I have found going to confession on Sunday hurries me so. That instead of being quiet and collected before Mass, I am obliged to look out sharp for a chance of confessing, so I have shifted my time back till Friday. That is, sweet mother, when I am on duty on Saturday I cannot go then. Sweet Mary, I have nearly forgotten all about "Omnia Christo." I want you, Mary, to obtain for me love of Jesus and yourself. Mary, ever protect me. Obtain for me grace to make a good meditation to-morrow, and to be temperate, and to go without

lunch, as it is not necessary for me. Glory be to the Father, &c.

Memo.—I have got to call upon Dunlop on Sunday for the greater glory of God. May I remember it is for that motive.

Extracts.

H.M.S. "EXCELLENT,"

Monday Night, August 1st, 1853.

DEAREST FATHER,—I received your letter two days ago about Dunlop. He is a mate, and was passing on board here the other day. I believe he is a very nice fellow. The day after I received your letter, I received one from Mr. Manning on the same subject. Yesterday I called at his lodgings and found he was in London, but I shall call on Wednesday again. . . . We have had a Franciscan monk down here collecting the needful for some very poor schools in the West of Ireland. The rascally soupers are hard at work there. . . . Have you read "All for Jesus," and if so, are you not delighted with it? Remember me to Henry Heneage and Mr. Butt.

Extracts.

H.M.S. "EXCELLENT," *Tuesday, 9th August 1853.*

DEAREST FATHER,—I have called three times on Dunlop, but on neither of these occasions has he been at home. . . . I suppose you get more delighted every day with your new church (*i.e.*, at Hammersmith.—ED.). I suppose you have read of the grand review that takes place on Thursday. I am told off to go in one of the Admiralty barges. Have you heard whether the Peer comes down, as there is a steamer provided for the House of Lords. . . . Do you know when Mr. Manning goes to Rome? . . . Did you see how the detachment of soupers were met at Limerick? Just what they deserved. They must be either fools or rogues. We will hope the former. . . . Good-bye, dearest father. Hoping you will not fail to remember me in your communion on the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, I remain, your most affectionate son,

AUGUSTUS.

Extracts from Diary.

15th August 1853.

Got leave after divisions to go on shore. To the church at 8.55. To-day I enter into the possession of Burgess's cabin, which he has kindly lent me while he is away a fortnight on leave. . . . Jesus, I thank Thee for having given me a place where I can pray to Thee in such quiet. Grant that I may make quite a retreat of it, during the fourteen days I am here. Mary, my dear mother, I congratulate you on your glorious assumption.

Wednesday, 24, 1853, *St. Bartholomew*.—Last Thursday I walked over to Catsfield, where I met Father Coffin and his brother. I was delighted to meet the dear father. I spent last Saturday and Sunday at Ryde, staying at F. Telford's. Saw the Heneages.

Extracts.

H.M.S. "EXCELLENT,"

September 12, 1853.

DEAREST FATHER,— It would be very kind of the cardinal if he were to allow me to be a year or two at the college and then let me go if I wished it, but I must trust in God that He will provide the means in one way or the other. I wrote to you, dearest father, because I thought I ought to let you know how matters were going on. I did not see Uncle Ellenborough, as I did not go to the funeral, but Mr. Coffin (senior) told me he had seen him getting into a railway carriage with Sir Henry Hardinge at the Portsmouth station.

Extracts from Diary.

Sunday, 11th September 1853.—Yesterday I received two letters, one from dear Father Coffin. I thank God for giving me such a dear good director. May God bless him, and Mary watch over him.

(At this period Augustus Law had been in Haslar Hospital several weeks in consequence of having caught scarlet fever.—ED.)

Extracts.

HASLAR HOSPITAL, *All Saints Eve*, 1853.

DEAREST FATHER,— . . . I have this minute received the following :—

(Copy.) HODDER HOUSE, NEAR STONYHURST.

DEAR SIR,—The Rector of Stonyhurst has requested me to write a line to you to say, that Father Clarke will be happy to receive you here whenever you choose to come to make a retreat. This house is the place usually selected for the purpose.—Yours truly in Christ,

PETER GALLWAY, S.J.

So off to Hodder House as soon as possible. . . . I got leave yesterday to Mass and vespers. Was it not jolly after having missed three Sundays. And I have leave to go to Mass to-morrow as well. . . . I have just asked the doctor when I could go out of the hospital. He says, to-morrow.

Extracts.

HODDER HOUSE, 12.30 A.M.,
November 3, 1853.

DEAREST FATHER,—Here I am. I arrived at Manchester at 9 P.M. Was not I glad to get to bed, that's all ! Got up at six this morning. Got to Whalley at 9.30, and then walked here. I have just walked over to the college, and seen the church there, and the gardens. Father Clarke is expected in this evening. He is the master of novices, and is certain to be very experienced.—Best love to all, and believe me, dearest father, to be your most affectionate son,

AUGUSTUS.

*Extracts.**From Father Clarke, S. J., to W. T. Law.*

HODDER, November 9, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR,—I consider that your son Augustus Law has a decided call to religious life. I consider it a duty for your son as soon as conveniently possible, in preference to any other state of life, to embrace some religious institution. The particular institute must be left to his own choice. . . . For obvious reasons I have abstained from giving more detailed advice on this head.

—With great respect, yours in Christ, T. F. CLARKE.

Extracts.

H.M.S. "EXCELLENT,"

November 18, 1853.

DEAREST FATHER,—At noon I went in to Captain Chad's, and first showed him your letter by way of introduction. He read it very carefully over twice, and then asked what my intentions and views were. I told the short history of it all,—that I had wished to become a priest in March; that you then wished me to remain in the "Excellent" till I passed out, to show that it was lasting—the wish; that, when I was at home the other day, I had told you I still was of the same mind, and that as for the rest he had seen it in the letter. He said the best way would be for you to go to Admiral Berkeley and explain the matter to him. . . . Captain Chads was extremely kind, and said, as far as he was concerned, he had no objection to my leaving the ship. He said he did not pretend to, nor had he a right to say anything about the thing itself, viz., my becoming a priest. He asked whether the Peer knew my intentions, and I told him yes. . . . If you do not wish me now to pass out I shall be very glad, because I should be in such a curious position. I could not take a real interest in it. I should not be

so well prepared as if I was going to remain in the service. . . I dined at the R.N. College last evening with Captain Luard. He asked me if it was true I was going to leave the service. I told him yes. He told me he could not see the good of "passing out." I saw old Onslow, too, last night. . . I am obliged to close abruptly as the post is going out.—Your most affectionate son,

AUGUSTUS.

Extracts.

H.M.S. "EXCELLENT,"

November 19, 1853.

DEAREST FATHER,—When you write next will you tell me whether I am to pass out or not? If not, I hope I shall be discharged as soon as possible. I have not yet decided on the order I shall (*D. V.*) offer myself to. Pray for me, dear father, that I may enter that order in which I may be able to save my soul and others best.

Extracts from Diary.

November 21, 1853.—Presentation of the B.V.M. I believe myself called to a religious life, and what I have now to do is to choose the order. The Redemptorists and Jesuits are the only two orders I know much about. I have also read a little about the Cistercians, but their life seems to me to be strict for me. Nevertheless, if it should be God's will, I go there. His Holy Will be done. The order of the Redemptorists is an order founded by St. Alphonsus Liguori. . . Their noviciate is a year in duration, during which time nothing is done in the studying line, nothing but spirituality. Before you can enter their noviciate, you must know enough Latin to be able to go on with theology when you have gone through the noviciate. The Congregation is strictly a Religious order. The vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience are taken. . . . They have about two hours' recreation in the day. One of the prominent features of the order is constant cheerfulness. I saw it myself at Clapham. . . . It must be borne in

mind how, before I went to Stonyhurst, I thought the Redemptorists' life about the mark for me ; and also I often used to ask St. Alphonsus to take care of me. . I have since March used his Meditations. Father Coffin told me the other day, that what he knew of me, the Redemptorists' life would suit me very well. . It would take me about a year at the least to make myself ready for the noviciate.

The Society of Jesus was founded by St. Ignatius Loyola, about the middle of the 16th century, and never relaxed, I believe, from its primitive spirit. They are as zealous as ever. The order was founded for the suppression of heresy, for converting heathens and infidels—reconciling enemies, instructing and bringing up youth, giving missions both to towns, &c., and in their own houses. Their noviciate is two years long. They do about an hour and a-half in the day in the study line, during it. After they have been ordained they have another year at the noviciate. . . . They then may be sent anywhere, according to abilities. To the Foreign Missions,—to a Home Mission,—teaching in a school as at Stonyhurst, &c. They also seem to be very cheerful. The reason I never, before I went to Stonyhurst, thought of the Jesuits as an order I should like to enter, was that I had always imagined that I should have to take some degree, or pass some very hard examination, before I could present myself ; but I found that I could even be admitted at once, and that I could get my Latin up during the two years' noviciate. (St. Aloysius is my patron saint.) The Jesuits are a good deal more in the world than the Redemptorists, but then they are right well prepared for it.

From the Rev. W. Lake Onslow to the Hon. W. T. Law.

H.M.S. DUKE OF WELLINGTON, SPITHEAD,
November 21st, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR,—I had a very interesting visit from your son Augustus last week, in which he then told me, he had fully made up his mind to leave his present profession and seek the Priest-

hood as the sphere in which he could do most service for the glory of God on earth. I believe he has fully counted the cost, and is in a wonderful manner prepared for the sacrifice that must ensue when one gives up all for God. I used some little argument to show that he could do his duty in his present profession, because in parting from it he must say farewell, with some sorrow, to the remembrance of those days, which were not then marked by the doubts and difficulties which must arise in the mind when a man changes the creed and faith of his youth for another. Your boy's early thoughtful and prudent disposition will stand him in good need now, and assist him much in overcoming those natural associations which are wont to meet us all in life, whether our garb be that of the Priest, soldier, or sailor; yet for all this, it is a huge trial for him, and one that I shall watch with great anxiety, having known and loved him so well in former days. I have to thank you for your parting letter to your Parishioners, but I do, from my heart, regret your departure from the Anglican Communion, because I always hoped you would have remained with us, and become the leader of better things and days in her holy teaching. I can only say God speed with your boy, and may he never know disappointment or doubt, when once he finds himself in that sphere of life, which must separate him from all other endearing ties, as he goes forth to bear the Cross of the Lord Jesus Christ.—Believe me, my dear sir, very faithfully and truly yours,

WILLIAM LAKE ONSLOW,
Chaplain and Naval Instructor.

The Hon. William Towry Law.

Extracts.

*To Augustus Law's Stepmother, the Honourable
Mrs. W. T. Law.*

H.M.S. "EXCELLENT," PORTSMOUTH,
Monday, November 28, 1853.

DEAREST MAY,—I received your letter this evening, and was delighted to get it, as now I know what to do. I shall see

Captain Chads as soon as possible, and ask him when I can apply for my discharge. I hope to see him to-morrow. Thank you, dearest May, and papa too, for all the trouble you have taken about me, and I ought to be very thankful to Captain Chads. Really, considering his opinions, &c., he has been *excessively* kind. I went over to Ryde yesterday afternoon, and saw Mrs. Wood and Mr. Telford. I saw Dr. Baldaconi on Friday night, and he told me he thought the best thing I could do would be to go to Hodder. . . . I shall be very glad to get away now. I propose being about a week at home when I get away. What do you think of it? . . . I sent the "Catholic Standard" to St. Joseph's Library, and will you send the last Saturday's paper when convenient? . . . I hope papa is not overworking himself. I have been enlisted in a novena . . . for the restoration to health of Captain Wood, the Jesuit, who, it is feared, is in a consumption. I promised Mrs. Wood to get whom I could to join in. Captain Wood is going to drink some of the water at the fountain near Salette, which has worked many miracles. Will you join in, May, and make Helen and papa, if he can manage it? Tell Helen she must get all the people she can to join in it—Miss de Vere, Miss Pagliano, &c., and other people she knows. Novena to commence on St. Andrew's Day. Once a day, one Our Father, one Hail Mary, one Our Lady of La Salette, pray for us. . . . It is not much to do, is it? I hope you will join in, and as commanding officer of 22 Crescent, give Helen an order to enlist as many as she can in the good work. Mrs. and Miss Wood have been writing to lots of religious houses to join in. Believe me to be your most affectionate stepson,

AUGUSTUS.

H.M.S. "EXCELLENT,"
Friday, 2d December 1853.

DEAREST FATHER,—I received your note this morning with the enclosed from Dundas.* Not favourable, is it? However,

* Admiral, and a Lord of the Admiralty at the time.

the best of it must be made. I had already applied for my discharge when I received your letter, as I spoke to Captain Chads yesterday, and then wrote for my discharge with Captain Chad's approval; so I expect my discharge down on Monday or Tuesday, probably before. I will let you know when it is down, and when I intend coming up. I shall not be long winding up affairs down here. I have Saturday and Sunday "off duty," and I am thinking of going over to Ryde to stay at Mr. Telford's. Thank you very much for joining in the novena for Captain Wood. I hope you are still very well in health, and like your office still, and that it gets on better. Best love to all, and believe me to be your most affectionate son,

AUGUSTUS.

P.S.—I don't think I shall write to Hodder till I get home.

N.B.—The authorities of the Admiralty having had some suspicion of what were Augustus Law's intentions, refused to discharge him from the "Excellent," so that his name might remain in the navy list for a year or so, according to his father's wish, but insisted on his either *remaining in* the "Excellent" or leaving the service altogether, at once, which latter course he pursued, with his father's hearty consent. Mates,—or, as they are *now* called, 2d Lieutenants,—received no half-pay, so the retention of Augustus Law's name on the navy list would have cost the country nothing. But England, in 1853, had not recovered from the effects of her "Papal Aggression" insanity. Whig Governments and Tory Governments were equally afflicted in those days.—ED.

Extracts.

HODDER PLACE, NEAR WHALLEY,
Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus, 1854.

MY DEAREST FATHER,—I arrived here about eight o'clock on Friday evening all safe and sound. . . . I understand perfectly all about the money. . . . Thanks for that little prayer you say

daily for me. . . . You ask what I think of Dindin. I quite agree in what you said of him ; he is liked very much at Oscott. . . . I commenced noviciate this morning, and am very happy. It is a plenary indulgence, the day of receiving Holy Communion and putting the habit on. . . . Give my very best love to May, Helen, &c. . . . I sleep in my cell to-night for the first time. I shall commence brushing up Latin to-morrow. . . .—Believe me, dearest father, to be your most affectionate son,

AUGUSTUS.

END OF PART II.



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